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H I S T O R Y

of

C O M P A N Y E

335th Infantry

A. E. F.

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BY
HEATH & ROSS



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To those men of E Company, who will not return, those comrades we left sleeping in France, those heroes who gave everything they had to the cause we all sought to serve, to those men, our dead, this book is dedicated in sacred memory.



CORPORAL JAMES H. ROSS
Assistant to
John M. Gilchrist
Certified Public Accountant
904 Omaha National Bank Bldg.
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CORPORAL N. B. HEATH
Representative
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INTRODUCTORY

While Company E, 335th Infantry, 89th Division, was serving in the Army of Occupation and billeted at Beurig, Germany, the suggestion was made that it might be well to record the engagements and achievements of the company so that each individual member might have a lasting remembrance of his fighting days.

This idea met with the hearty co-operation of both officers and men and Corporals James H. Ross and N. B. Heath assumed the responsibility of collecting the data to be embodied in book form.

Each member of the company was requested to have his photograph taken by a German or French photographer for the purpose of making our history more valuable and complete. The boys were all willing to make the book a success and they responded very readily to this suggestion. In conjunction with this a number of pictures were taken by the boys themselves and nearly every picture in this book was photographed in France or Germany. It was necessary, however, in a few cases to obtain photographs after arriving home from boys or parents of the boys due to the fact that they were separated from the company, either being killed, wounded or sick at the time the other pictures were taken.

It must be realized that each and every individual is possessed with original ideas especially regarding the terrible struggle which introduced into so many families a certain sorrow that will perhaps never be lived down. Imagination is a wonderful trait and is so often overestimated, but very few are possessed with the power to picture real action in the front as it really was.

How well we would like to take each and every one of our readers, other than members of the company, through the battle-scarred and devastated territories. This would be a wonderful course of military instruction and would teach more than we would ever be able to explain. This tour would burn into the brain of each individual certain pictures so that when the word "WART" was mentioned there would leap before the eye visions causing a certain unusual tenderness of feeling for the boys who experienced real suffering in the front lines and sacrificed their lives for their country.



Are you dead? No, comrade, no!
The dead lie only with the foe;
You sleep, 'tis true, but yet you live;
You gave your life, yet did not give
Your deeds to be forgotten thus.
When bone and sinew turn to dust.

—*In Flanders' Fields.*



FIRST LIEUT. GLENN K. SPENCER
Adjutant Second Battalion
2011 Greenwood Avenue, Pueblo, Colo.
Killed in Argonne-Meuse Drive.



Corporal
JOHN E. GILMER
Central City, Neb.

Corporal
EDWARD McCARTHY
Spaulding, Neb.

Private First Class
LOUIS H. MANN
Humboldt, Neb.

Private
HAROLD MARSHALL
Weeping Water, Neb.

Private
HAROLD WILSON
Clifton, Ariz.

Private First Class
EDWARD SONOKER
Holton, Kas.

Private
IRA S. PENNINGER
Valpariso, Neb.

Private
SAMUEL MISLEVIK
18th and O Sts., S. Side
Omaha, Neb.

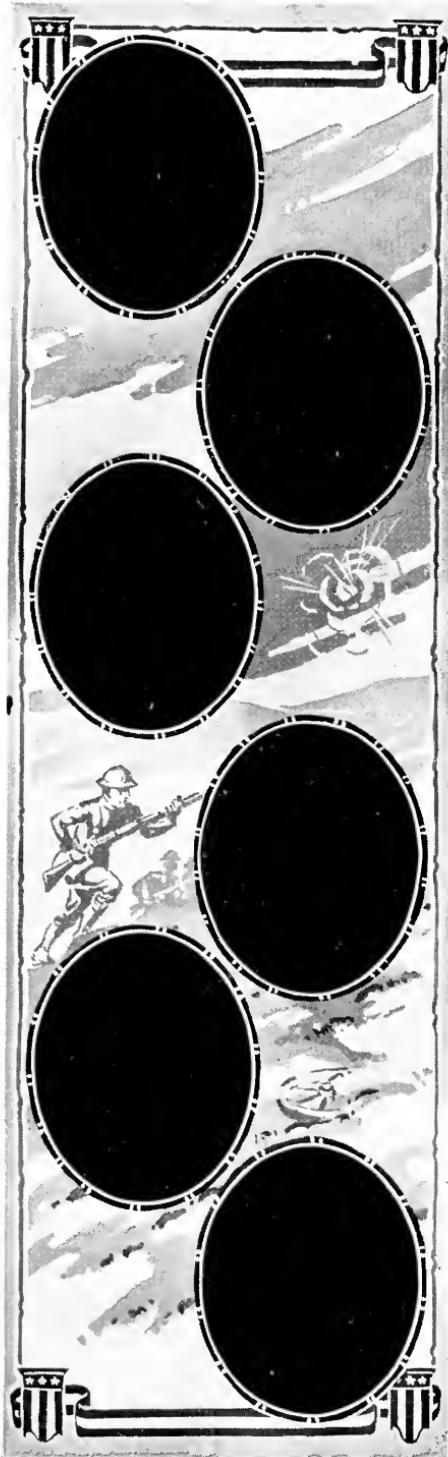
Private
JOHN CAIN
Leesville, La.

Private
EMIL BOUDAR
1312 South 4th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
ARTHUR QUINLAN
Falls City, Neb.
No Photo Furnished

Private
AUGUSTINE URREA
Clifton, Ariz.
No Photo Furnished





Private
JOHN OLIVER
Address Unknown
No Photo Furnished

Private First Class
TOM AGAR
1014 Harrison St.
Kansas City, Mo.
No Photo Furnished

Private
ALLEN JONES
Address Unknown
No Photo Furnished

Private
L. D. CAYE
Address Unknown
No Photo Furnished



D A W N !

What silence and what peace?
What joy as of release
From some black spell
Falls on the world
As four long years of fiery tumult cease,
Death's flags are furled.
And All's Well! All's Well!
Rings round a world awakened from war's hell.

The sounds of tumult cease—
Once more the world grows still;
So still one hears the winds upon the hill.
Like murmur of spent waves upon Life's shore,
The bickering of birds before the door,
The rustle of leaves, the rain rills in the eaves,
And countless gentle sounds one's heard before,
Long long ago—those days before the war.

How sweet they strike upon the ear again!
How good, how good to know they were not slain
In the tempest of men's pain:
That these will last,
And only the long lists of death are past,
And all the terrible, cruel-give-and-take of war;
That what is strong and merciful and true
Moves onward as before:
The gentleness and courtesy of living,
The humble joy of kindness and of giving,
Helping men smile and little children play—
Lending a hand to all upon Life's Way.

The four year's night is ended!
A rosy morn is flooding all the earth,
As mankind rises to a nobler birth
With past ways mended,
And all the future glorious and splendid.
Yes, Peace and the rising sun and night withdrawn—
Oh, make us worthy, Lord, to face
The Dawn.

—By Lloyd Roberts.



MAJOR J. FOSTER SYMES
c/o Symes Building, Denver, Colo.

Commander of Company E from the date of its origination until
July, 1918, when he took command of the Third Battalion
and later received the appointment of major.



CAPTAIN CHARLES A. WRIGHT
117 Courtland St.
Atlanta, Ga.

Experienced 28 years service, taking command of Company E Dec. 16, 1918, leading us out of Germany back to Camp Funston, where the majority of the Co. was discharged.



CAPTAIN NEVILLE C. FISHER
"Father of the Second Battalion"
Suite 1118 Fullerton Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Who led the second battalion over the top twice in the Argonne-Meuse drive.



FIRST LT. G. G. TUNELL
Mobridge, S. D.



FIRST LT. GILBERT L. McDONOUGH
McDonough & McDonough, Atty.
Denver, Colo.



FIRST LT. FRED L. MORRISON
Stuart, Iowa.
Later Appointed Captain



SECOND LT. JOHN E. GASKILL
7002 Michigan Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.



FIRST LT. CARL MILLIKEN
Adjutant Second Battalion
1144 Pennsylvania Ave.
Denver, Colo.



FIRST LT. CHARLES K. BOWSER
Goshen, Ind.



SECOND LT. CARL GOLDSBERRY
518 South Scioa St.
Circleville, Ohio.



FIRST LT. ARTHUR W. MCKNIGHT
Taylorville, Ill.



SECOND LT. JAMES L. WEBSTER
50 Manaronech Ave.
White Plains, N. Y.



SECOND LT. FRED A. CORELL
Greeley, Iowa.



First Sergeant
Later Commissioned 2d Lt.
LELAND E. WERTZ
Star, Neb.

First Sergeant
ALFRED E. HILL
Ord, Neb.

Sergeant
CECIL W. CONKLIN
O'Neill, Neb.

Sergeant
JOHN W. SMITH
Greeley, Neb.

Sergeant
CHRISTIAN B. LETH
Elba, Neb.

Sergeant
ARCHIE GLEASON
Central City, Neb.

HISTORY OF COMPANY E

Experiences of an Average Infantry Unit of One of the
Best Divisions in the A. E. F.

"Well, well, well! If it isn't Jack! Old boy, when did you get back? Gosh! I'm sure glad to see you. You're looking fine and dandy," and George gripped the hand of his friend like a vise.

"Oh, they just took me off the army payroll yesterday, George, and I landed in here today," Jack explained as he pointed to the red chevron on his arm.

"Say, Jack, you can't imagine how glad I am to see you back safe and sound because from the report I read on the war over there it seems as though anyone was lucky who managed to get back."

"To be frank with you, George, that is the saddest part of the homecoming," said Jack, suddenly serious, "when I think of those brave lads that we buried in the Argonne Woods and who could not come home with us."

"I suppose that is very true. But you must have had a wonderful trip and have seen a lot of Europe."

"Well, our trip abroad did broaden us quite a bit," Jack laughed, "especially our feet. It seemed to me we marched about three times around the world."

George interrupted. "By the way, have you had your dinner?" he asked. "I know Mother and Dad will be glad to see you, and of course Peggy will be tickled to death."

"George, I haven't had a real good old honest meal since I left the States."

"Just pile yourself in the car and I'll take you home to dinner and if Mother can't fill you up there is no one on earth that can."

"Bless her dear old heart, you know I'd come for miles to be a guest at your mother's table. I tell you we never appreciate a good home until we get an ocean between us. This is a good little boat you are driving, George."

"Best little car on the market. You know business has been good with us this year and we have cleaned up handsomely. I think business has been generally good throughout the middle west. Jack, we didn't know there was a war going on over there until we'd pick up the papers and read where the Yanks had made some sensational drives or made some big gains. We had plenty of everything we wanted to eat and while possibly we may have had to Hooverize on some of the staple articles, we didn't suffer any. Well, this is where we unload."

"I wish I had on civilian clothes," suggested Jack, worried; "I'd like to doll up a bit before I meet the folks."

"That's where you're all wrong because I know Peg wants to see you in your uniform. You know how girls fall for uniforms these days. This will be a big surprise for the folks."



Sergeant
ORMAN KELLY
16 Altamont Ave.
Washington, Pa.

Sergeant
FRED E. BRANDT
1044 Blum St.
Toledo, O.

Sergeant
STANLEY O. MITCHELL
Burwell, Neb.

Sergeant
JAMES FISHER
Elba, Neb.

Sergeant
FRANCIS F. MARTIN
O'Neill, Neb.

Sergeant
ROY H. HORNER
Scotia, Neb.

Jack looked guilty. "I believe you're trying to kid me now, and you ought to know that can't be done," he laughed. "You know I think the world of your sister and I'll be frank enough to admit it."

"Now, Jack, get on your biggest smile because here we come with the big surprise. Mother, shake hands with a gentleman who has just returned from abroad."

Mother hesitated a moment. "Well, of all things, if it isn't Jack. I am so glad to see you that I really don't know how to express myself. Come into the library and shake hands with Dad."

Dad had heard them coming. "Welcome to our city, Jack," he shouted: "let me get a good hold of that hand of yours. You sure have grown big and strong. It seems as though the army must have agreed with you. Guess you had a pretty good vacation. Let's see—how long have you been gone? It seems years, Jack, since I have seen you and I'm mighty glad to be able to shake that hand of yours again. Here comes Peggy. I think she is the one you are really most interested in, so I will turn you over to her."

Peggy gasped. "Why, Jack, you mean thing. Why didn't you wire me you were coming. I read in the paper that you landed in New York and I have waited all these days for a telegram from you."

"My dear girl, I didn't exactly know what time the colonel might get around to sign those discharges, and you know that you can't rush those fellows too much. They don't like to be hurried."

But Peggy pouted a little. "It seems to me that you could have come home," she insisted, "to see me and then could have gone back to get your discharge. I never have liked the way the army treated you boys, anyway; reading all my letters and censoring everything you sent to me. It was a shame."

"You better forget about your troubles and tell me how glad you are to see me."

"Don't be foolish, Jack; you know I have waited a year and a half for this homecoming and I am the happiest girl in the world."

"Dinner is ready," it was Mother calling. "You young folks can just as well chat at the table. Come, father, you are to carve the fatted calf. Jack, you take your same old place at the table. Guess you haven't forgotten where that is even if you have been gone a year and a half."

Jack held up his hand. "What's this you're handing me?" he asked.

"That's a napkin." And they all laughed.

"Gee, I thought it was a towel to dry my mess kit with. Don't be surprised, folks, if I put everything on one dish because my table manners have been sadly neglected during my sojourn in Europe."

"Have another helping of meat and some more salad." Mother insisted. "Peg made the salad and it ought to be good."

"Well, if Peg made it I will take more and die happy."

Peggy blushed. "Remember, Jack," she smiled, "you have to try a piece of my pie. You know these war measures have encouraged a good many of us to take up domestic science and I can make the loveliest pies, providing Mother instructs in the making."



Sergeant
LOUIS JACOBSEN
Farwell, Neb.

Sergeant
WALTER T. ROSSITER
Akron, Ohio.

Sergeant
JOSEPH SANDERS
Norfolk, Neb.

Sergeant
FRANK MAPLES
Middlesboro, Ky.

Sergeant
PAUL J. THOMSEN
North Platte, Neb.

Sergeant
BYARD A. DODGE
717 Walnut St.
Webster City, Ia.



"Why in thunder don't you folks quit talking to Jack and let him eat?" Dad interrupted. "I know how he feels having you folks shoot questions at him from all sides while he is trying to eat. Give him a chance."

"Well, Mother, this was a wonderful dinner and you don't know how good this home cooking tastes to a globe trotter like me. George, you've got the best Mother on earth."

"Now, Jack," began Dad, as soon as they had left the table, "you come out on the porch and tell the folks about some of your experiences. We are all anxious to hear about conditions as they really were. Help yourself to those cigars and smoke up a bit. It will clear your brain."

Jack settled himself comfortably in a big chair. "That's a pretty good weed, Dad," he began, "wish you would have shown up on the scene over there with a box of cigars like these. You see the Y. M. C. A. did a wholesale business with the officers, selling them in box lots, but the enlisted man was limited to a purchase of one or two at a time, and he was mighty lucky if he got that many. It was the policy, however, of the Y. M. C. A. men to try and stand in with the officers, and of course the officers would kid them along and tell them what nice boys they were to get those big fat cigars. It worked when Adam was a boy and, Dad, it still works today."

"Well, Dad, I am much adverse to talking about the war as the whole thing seems like a nightmare to me and there are certain parts of it that I am trying to forget. I know, however, that you folks wish me to entertain you with some kind of a Wild West story, and after eating so splendid a dinner I certainly feel obligated, so I will try to outline in part the history of a soldier from the time he left his good old home until he returned. Of course it would be impossible for me to relate all my experiences accurately from memory but I think with the aid of this little diary, which I have kept up since the date of my departure, that I can recall nearly everything that happened."

"At the time when the calendar seemed to be galloping along too fast for the boys whose draft numbers were low on the list, that wonderful, huge piece of machinery in Washington was grinding out and shaping the destiny of the cream of manhood of America. On about September 1, 1917, while all this was taking place, twenty-four Nebraska men coming from Greeley, Howard, Merrick, Holt, Wheeler, Valley, Garfield and Sherman Counties received those well known invitations insisting so strongly that they should be present at a certain time and place, which caused many to exchange their neat-fitting civilian clothes for the over-sized suit of khaki.

"As these twenty-four stalwart Nebraskans entered Camp Funston, Kansas, they little realized what was hidden in the sandstorms a short distance ahead, nor did they know what their future was to be, and how discipline was to crush their own original power of suggestion, but upon being greeted by a lieutenant of perhaps three months training they soon began to realize a certain change which was to take place immediately. After a check was taken of the men



Corporal
JOHN GROGAN
Wood, S. D.

Corporal
RAY McMAHON
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Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
JOSEPH HOLLANDER
2755 Arbor St.
Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
JOHN A. KLEIN
706 North 50th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
HAROLD DUNCAN
614 North 10th St.
Beatrice, Neb.

Corporal
SIMON N. JACOBSEN
Box 77
Boelus, Neb.



Interior of Co. E's Mess Hall—Taken at Camp Funston

the officer herded them to the barracks to which they were to be assigned. Here they very gently laid away, what afterwards proved to be unnecessary baggage, consisting of silk pajamas, silk hand-kerchiefs, carpet slippers, and perhaps a Thermos bottle and a chest protector, which cost many an anxious mother and sweetheart considerable hard work and many late hours that the boy might be comfortable."

"Oh, Jack," asked Peggy, "you didn't throw away that nice silk shirt that I spent so much time embroidering your initials on the sleeve?"

Jack laughed. "I gave it to the Belgians and I think some Belgian got married in it."

"They were next issued hats and were trotted over to the bath house for a warm bath—ice could hardly have made it colder—it was 10:30 and Uncle Sam served notice that breakfast was ready, so with their dishes, which by all evidence, must have been manufactured with great speed, the boys lined up for 'chow.' Happy Jack, from St. Louis the greasy chow king, handed out a cheese sandwich, a salmon sandwich, and a cup of coffee to each man and his smile broadened as he studied the expressions on their faces as they passed by to the roughly constructed tables. Their next move was to scout up cots to sleep on. Now the boys thought this would surely be all for one day but out of the stillness rang a command: 'Wash the windows and do it before dinner.' They did.

"The afternoon was spent in taking physical examinations, including a shot in the arm. An issue of underwear was handed out and this had to be marked with your own initials. This underwear was quite a contrast to the B. V. D.'s. So the first twenty-four men of Company F retired that night with heavy hearts and with thoughts of home racing through their minds and wondering why they had not



Corporal
FRANK JENKINS
Riley, Kas.

Corporal
JAMES DAVIS
St. Paul, Neb.

Corporal
CARL E. BORG
2318 North 27th Ave.
Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
ANTON E. SWANSON
1806 Locust St.
Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
CHARLES E. BOOTH
University Place
Lincoln, Neb.

Corporal
AUGUST MUDLOFF
Farwell, Neb.



The Original 24 of Co. E Before Uniforms Were Available

appreciated home and mother just a little more while that privilege was theirs."

"Was that the reason I didn't get a letter from you the first day you were down there?" asked Peg. "Why didn't you let the windows go until the next day so you could write to me? Didn't they have any porters?"

"Plenty of them—I was one," answered Jack.

"The officers assigned to train the company were Captain John F. Symes, First Lieutenant Fred L. Morrison, First Lieutenant Glenn K. Spencer and Second Lieutenant Gilbert McDonough. On September 8 Sergeant Tom Agar and Sergeant Walter T. Rossiter were transferred from the Thirteenth Infantry of the U. S. Regulars for assignment. Sergeant Agar was made first sergeant a short time after his arrival. At this time very little was in readiness for the new troops as they arrived. Clothing was not available so the men were compelled to soldier in civilian attire. The next contingent of men consisting of 40 per cent came two weeks later, followed in two weeks by another equal sized quota which made the company strength 210 men, coming mostly from Nebraska. The entire company was assigned to a two-story barracks (115 by 45 feet) located near the center of the camp near the old divisional canteen. This amount of room was designed to accommodate 150 men, naturally 210 men occupied all available space, necessitating each man dressing on his bunk, causing much confusion at the sound of reveille. On the lower floor of the same building was the mess hall where the regular army ration for troops in garrison was prepared and eaten from the mess kit. Tables and benches were also provided in the mess hall. Here is where the men were taught the art of making "Slum" and first experienced the duties of kitchen police. Although this ration was quite a contrast to mother's cooking, it was whole-



Corporal
THOMAS B. LOPAS
Box 1778
Richmond, Va.

Corporal
EDWARD J. KOTIK
St. Paul, Neb.

Corporal
WILLIAM J. HUEBNER
Hershey, Neb.

Corporal
FRED J. WRIGHT
Notting Hill, Mo.

Corporal
ELIAS H. BUTLER
Litchfield, Neb.

Corporal
EDWARD J. PETERSON
Spaulding, Neb.



Interior of Co. E's Barracks—Taken at Camp Funston

some and there was always enough on hand so that no one need be hungry.

"The regulation uniform for drill and fatigue duty was a blue denim overall suit, selected without reference to fit, and many had breeches that would reach around the waist one and a half times, which of course did not add to the soldier's pride or appearance, but as a means of economy they served the purpose. A little later O. D. shirts and khaki breeches were issued and worn at retreat, on holidays and Sundays.

"The training of the troops was a very difficult proposition as the material for non-commissioned officers must be selected from the 210 men who had practically all received the same training, therefore it was necessary to select the best fitted men for these positions. The men selected for non-commissioned officers received special training in the evening, which consisted of the discussion of drill regulations and military tactics.

"As these men became proficient they were promoted to the rank of sergeant and corporal. In these capacities new responsibilities were given to them and they soon began to study and take an active interest in their squads and platoons and by co-operation a very good unit was made. An eight-hour drill schedule was put into effect which consisted of close order, extended order, physical exercises, lectures, instruction on patrolling, special weapons, target shooting and other subjects that all American soldiers are required to know.

"One thing especially difficult was military courtesy or the art of learning the proper methods, times and places to salute, and to render the various courtesies required by military law to be shown to the flag and all officers. The men will never forget the many mistakes and the results of making them, for everywhere officers



Corporal
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Ross Road
Douglas, Wyo.

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EMIL OLSEN
3609 North 16th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
EDWARD WHITE
2929 North 47th Ave.
Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
EDWARD J. BORZYCH
Farwell, Neb.

Corporal
HARRY HODGSON
R. F. D. No. 2
Comstock, Neb.

Corporal
WILLIAM ANDERSON
St. Paul, Neb.



Captain Symms and Co. E's Basket Ball Team of 1917

stood ready and willing to correct their deficiencies, especially in saluting."

"Why," asked Peg, "were they so strict in making you salute them?"

Jack smiled. "Why, you see the salute is mighty hard for a civilian to understand," he explained, "but as a matter of fact, we do not salute the officer as an individual but we salute the rank that he represents."

"Guard duty was another routine duty that was very difficult to learn and many will recall humorous incidents that occurred while walking post. Wednesdays, Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays were set aside for recreation. The Y. M. C. A. was the most available place and furnished moving picture shows, boxing and wrestling. There was also plenty of stationery and tables at the disposal of all those who wished to write home. At Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years passes were granted to the lucky ones. No one outside of the military service will ever realize the meaning of that privilege. As fall approached the specialties were studied such as grenades, automatic rifles, scouting, patrolling and bayonet fighting and this training lasted the greater part of the winter. Later, in the month of March, came the special training at Smoky Hill flats near Fort Riley. Not only was the training unusually strenuous but the distance to be marched to and from the training area was most noticeable.

"When the company was first organized rifles were not available so as a substitute each man made a dummy out of wood resembling a rifle and with these they received their early training in the manual of arms. A few weeks later Krag rifles, the type used during the Spanish-American war, were used and by December the 1917 Enfield rifle was issued and used through the big struggle. Many



Corporal
WASHINGTON McLEAN
Morenci, Ariz.
Box 527

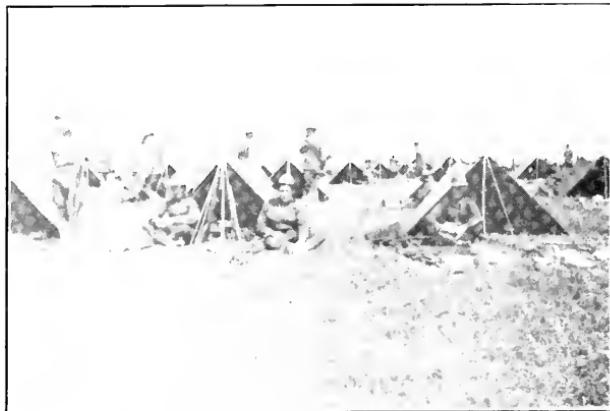
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PAUL T. LEONARD
667 South 26th Ave.
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JOSEPH KORAN
3118 Myrtle St
Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
FRANK S. HAVLIK
5434 South 18th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Corporal
BERT E. McMASTERS
Lewiston, Neb.

Corporal
WALTER COLLINS
Pittsburg, Kas.



Field Inspection at Camp Funston, Kansas

days during the winter months were spent on the rifle range west of Fort Riley. It was very cold and disagreeable, nevertheless the course was completed on scheduled time, also many days were spent in digging trenches in the rocky soil on Carpenter hill about three and a half miles from camp. This practice system of trenches was large enough to accommodate a division of troops and when finally completed a few days were spent wading around through them in the mud and slush in the pretense of holding them against enemy attacks. Early in February the training course was considered completed and the men were then transferred to go overseas to fight with troops already in France. By April 1 the company was reduced in number to such an extent that only a few privates and the non-commissioned officers, with the officers remained."

Dad looked puzzled. "What was the idea of holding back the non-commissioned officers?" he asked.

"Well, you see these men were carefully trained to act as instructors for the new quota of men that were to reach camp April 26th," Jack explained.

"Men included in this new quota were from the states of Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, South Dakota and Arizona. They were taken to Detention Camp No. 2 after receiving their physical examination and a complete military uniform including blue denims."

"It will be a day long remembered by all men who were called upon to pass through the mill on that date. Of course, by this time the routine of introducing the man of the civilian world into military life was well organized and their system was really wonderful. However, the men were not allowed to waste any time in efforts to secure even a close fit in clothing, especially shoes which averaged two sizes larger than the ones usually fit by the skilled shoe salesman."

"What did you draw, Jack?" Peggy asked. "I suppose a pair of English last shoes."



Sergeant
RALPH RAINY
661 25th St.
Des Moines, Ia.

Corporal
GEORGE DWYER
Albin, Neb.

Corporal
FREDERICK EHRIKE
Colon, Neb.

Corporal
JOHN E. OBERREUTER
c/o Steril Waterproof Mfg Co.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
WILLIAM LEEDER
3901 North 21st St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
FRANK A. TUMA
2420 South 23d St.
Omaha, Neb.

“Not exactly; however, they lasted quite a while on account of the hob nails in the soles.”

“What do you mean by hobnails?”

“Well, they were short spikes driven in the soles of your shoes to serve the same purpose as non-skid automobile tires. It makes me laugh every time I think of the awful suspense the boys experienced waiting their turn to go through the chute to get their physical examination together with their shot in the arm and elsewhere. Believe me, Napoleon never felt any more separated from the outside world when they banished him to the isle of St. Helena than the boys felt when they were waiting to be ushered in to receive their shot in the arm.

“After the final initiation the boys, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, with their new duds on, loaded up their barracks bags with all their surplus apparel and treasures, which included numerous gifts given to them before their departure from home—pictures of the old dog on the farm and the girls they left behind them—and boarded trucks to take a ride out to Detention Camp No. 2.

“On the trip out nobody seemed to have a lot to say and everybody was nursing his left arm. It rained like blazes and the boys were all tired when they arrived having passed through a very strenuous ordeal; however, there was no landlord to greet us when we arrived, neither was there to be any rest for some. The boys had to go rustle wood to build fires and also rustle cots to sleep on and it was long before morning before anyone rolled into bed. It sure was some day.”

Mother shook her head. “Goodness, it would have seemed that they would have been a little more thoughtful of your comfort,” she suggested.

“Well, it did seem kind of tough, but of course it proved to be a very mild experience in comparison with what we went through later. They were just teaching us to get used to roughing it.

“The next seventeen days were spent in the first stages of military training which were equally divided in close order drill and laborious exercises, such as carrying sacks of rocks from the tops of small mountains which bordered this camp. Other duties were to try and please the permanent personnel of the camp by keeping the streets policed up, scrubbing out your tent, and perhaps digging mains to lay sewer pipe. But being men possessed with the ability to grasp the situation quickly because of their past positions in life, they soon became adept students in the military course of instruction and began to show up well.

“With the daily routine the men were making wonderful progress and on May 16 they were divided as replacements to the different units. First Lieutenant Fred L. Morrison called for the required number of men to fill up Company E to full war strength of 250 men. These men were marched to Camp Funston under his command together with the veteran non-commissioned officers of Company E and assigned to barracks with Captain John F. Symes as company commander. The next formation was for the purpose of arranging them as to size and assigning them to squads and platoons



Cook

WILLIAM R. EVERETT
Central City, Neb.

Cook

HARRY NOVITSKY
1010 North 16th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Cook

VINCENT ZIEMIESKI
1162 Mt. Vernon St.
Camden, N. Y.

Cook

HENRY NOVITSKY
1010 North 16th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private

RUSHIN SELLERS
South Side
Omaha, Neb.

Private

R. O. CURTIS
Watson, La.

for intensive training. You must always keep in mind that this April 26th and May quota of men together with the remaining officers and non-commissioned officers are the men that went overseas with me.

"The next move was the issue of field equipment which was soon accomplished. After being instructed in rolling packs, the company was ordered to the rifle range, which meant their first long hike with full packs. Through the disagreeable sand and dust, accompanied by dry hot winds, the rifle range was reached with all present except a few who were compelled to fall out because of lack of strength to make the entire trip the first time out.

"The different ranges were shot with very pleasing results and most of the boys got quite a KICK out of this. When this was completed the company returned to their barracks for the purpose of preparing for their departure to New York.

"After two days of hustle and bustle, on May 22 Company E, with other units, entrained for the Eastern coast, arriving at Camp Mills, Long Island May 25. Here they were issued the O. D. wool uniforms and any shortage required to make their equipment complete.

"Our trip from Camp Funston to New York was a very enjoyable one. During several stops the boys were marched around the towns and cities to give them a little exercise and let them straighten out their legs a bit. One of the chief pastimes was taking the names and addresses of all the girls along the trip and promising them letters just as soon as we arrived in France. The American Red Cross, was ever thoughtful of our needs and they handed us cigarettes, candy and sandwiches.

"At the end of nine days the company was ready to walk the gangplank, which took place June 3. At last on board the "Baltic" with sleeping quarters assigned the men bid farewell to good old America and made ready to accustom themselves to their new surroundings across the big pond. All of the men were ordered to stay below the deck until we cleared the harbor and were on the sea. When we were well started we were all permitted to go on deck and most of the boys for the first time in their lives viewed a wonderful picture. It was a beautiful day and the ocean was perfectly calm. It was one vast expanse of blue water.

"The Baltic was an English ship flying the Union Jack and was one of a convoy of eight transports, one British cruiser, and numerous submarine chasers. American aviators were continually flying over our heads and waving at the boys. The route taken was in a northerly direction which at one time afforded us a view of Scotland and Ireland. We finally landed at Liverpool, England, June 15. Accommodations for eating will never be forgotten. The food was prepared by British cooks and was not very palatable to the Yanks and together with that uncertain feeling, seasickness, the meals were not overly appreciated.

"We had nearly five hundred nurses aboard this ship and under normal conditions this would have meant a 'hot time in the old town tonight, my baby,' but about the only time that the enlisted men got



Bugler
FRANK J. L. BENDA
Ord., Neb.

Bugler
LAWRENCE X. LEAHY
Omaha, Neb.

Bugler
AURA S. CRAIG
Magnet, Neb.

Mechanic
JULIUS SCHMALTZ
Archer, Neb.

Mechanic
JOHN P. EXES
402 East 11th St.
North Platte, Neb.

Mechanic
FRANK K. T. SCHUDEL
North Loup, Neb.



a chance to talk with them was for a brief period of one or two minutes during abandon ship drill. The nurses had first class accommodations on the upper decks and the enlisted men were not allowed up there. We did, however, have the pleasure of watching the officers playing a game with the girls which resembled croquet very much except that they pushed a block instead of knocking a ball around. It looked to me about as comical and exciting as a pair of crutches.

Peg was curious. "Why was it, Jack," she asked "that they wouldn't let the enlisted men associate with the nurses?"

"The nurses are subject to certain military restrictions the same as the soldiers, and are disciplined the same as the men," he answered.

"Six other fellows and myself had charge of a life boat that we had to lower from the upper deck in case the boat was submarine. In this boat we were to load thirty-five nurses and put out to sea. Personally I didn't care for any of this Robinson Crusoe stuff, but it wouldn't have been so bad after all.

"Company E was marched from the ship to the railroad station where they entrained for Romsey, England, reaching that camp June 17. The King of England extended his welcome to the American troops upon their arrival at Liverpool by means of printed cards which were given to each soldier.

"At Camp Romsey we were assigned to tents, each accommodating about three squads. Six days were spent in a continuance of the routine training schedule, including a hike each day. Also at this camp another school for non-commissioned officer material was introduced as there was an extreme shortage of sergeants and corporals, owing to the company being at full war strength. The ration at this camp was also very poor as we were still on British rations, consisting of dark bread, cheese and marmalade, and once in a while some meat.

"England was a land of flowers. There were flowers everywhere, around the houses, in the fields, and along the roadsides. It struck me rather funny not to see any frame houses, as every building was a brick structure with a tile or sod roof.

"Along our journey from Liverpool to Romsey we were greeted by the women, children and old men. The little tots would run up alongside of the train whenever it would stop and say, 'Sam, give me a cents.' This kind of tickled the boys and they showered their American pennies on the children. We noticed very few young men in the section of country through which we passed and we were told by the women that all the available men were serving their country.

"The next move was a hike to Southampton, doughboy style, where we boarded an old excursion boat headed for Le Havre, France. The night spent on this ship crossing the English Channel proved to be a terrible one as the boat was overloaded and did not allow enough room for the boys to lie down. However, it finally passed and Le Havre was reached the next morning.

"We unloaded here and marched through the town of Le Havre. It was a typical French city with its narrow streets and stone build-



Private First Class
GEORGE W. GRIGSBY
Peyke Bros., 2d and Main
Kansas City, Mo.

Private First Class
KARL W. NIELSON
Pickrell, Neb.

Private First Class
ALFRED T. MILLER
R. F. D. No. 2
Lawrenceburg, Ky.

Private First Class
WILLIAM C. BAKER
Earling, Ia.

Private First Class
WILLIAM RUDOLPH
3618 South 27th, South Side
Omaha, Neb.

Private
FRANK FERRIS
Platte, S. D.

ings. We were greeted on every corner by French maids who had oranges and figs to sell to the Sammies. After marching for about three kilometers we reached the outskirts of the city where we marched up a winding hill with an elevation of about 15 degrees and finally reached a rest camp. This was a pretty little spot as we had a commanding view of the sea and we could see the fishing boats and transports lying at anchor. There was a large number of German prisoners working at this camp building barracks and making excavations.

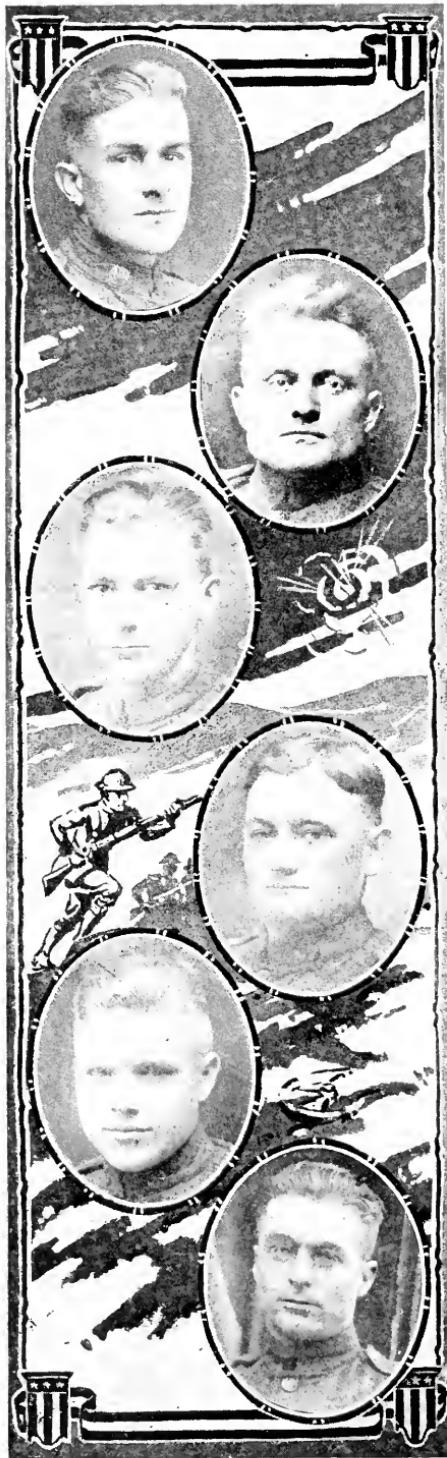
"After two days spent at this camp cleaning up and getting our faces washed, we again fell in to retrace our steps back through the city where we were to entrain in cars which were labeled '40 men or eight horses.' We all climbed aboard these stock cars about thirty-five to a car and some of the boys who were quick at mathematics tried to figure out sleeping quarters which would give each man ample room without having someone's feet in his face all night. However, this proved a failure and we adopted the spoon fashion method of sleeping. After one day and two nights on these sleepers we arrived in the middle of the night at Liffol Le Grand. Here we received the command, 'Everybody off and sling equipment,' and we started marching up a hill which seemed to have no end, leading towards Brechainville. We arrived about noon, tired and hungry. At the command, 'Everybody fall out,' everybody stretched out on the grass and took a good rest except Bert Garrison and his staff of cooks who hurried about and prepared some coffee and hard rations for the boys to eat.

"After an hour's rest we were marched over to barracks to which we were assigned. Everybody climbed into their bunks which were nothing more than 2 by 4 uprights and boards laid crosswise to sleep on, and took a good rest until supper time.

"Brechainville was about sixty kilometers from the front line and with the artillery practicing to the left of us and the Germans shooting up their flares at night over on the front line we received our first vision of the fighting. Every night the Germans would present us with a Fourth of July celebration and we would all sit down on the grass and watch the different colored flares and wonder when our time would come to go up to the big show.

"There was considerable speculation as to the time we would go up and of course some of the old regulars would tell us about fighting in the Philippines and the lieutenants would put on a dignified look and express their opinions, but as a matter of fact no one but the men higher up knew when we were to go.

"This village was a typical little French village with a few hundred population. Here we first saw how the French peasants spent their days. Harvest time for wheat was near at hand and we saw how they harvested it by their old fashioned methods, using the scythe and cradle. The first mail received from home for over a month was delivered and all were glad to hear from those they had



Private First Class
R. L. KALTENBACK
Central City, Neb.

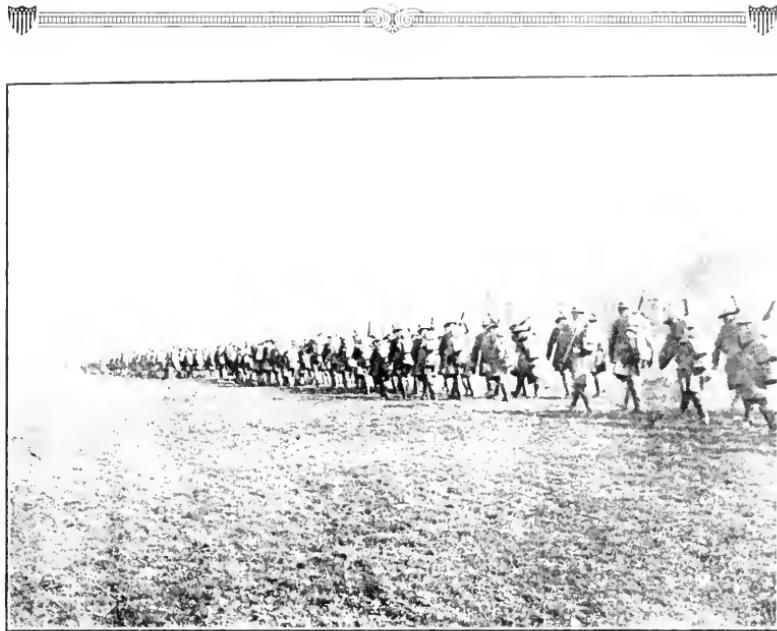
Private First Class
FRANK COCHRAN
Barada, Neb.

Private First Class
JOSEPH R. KROTZ
Glen Carbon, Ill.

Private First Class
LAWRENCE POWERS
1401 East Evans Ave.
Pueblo, Colo.

Private First Class
JULIUS E. NORDSTROM
4348 Franklin St
Omaha, Neb.

Private First Class
JOSEPH COUTURE
Rosalie, Neb.



Co. E on Their Wednesday Hike Under Full Equipment

left. From that time on mail came only at intervals of from one to three weeks.

"We immediately took up our duties of intensive training and believe me it was intensive training. This was practically the same training that we received at Funston with much more snap and earnestness. We all realized by this time that we were going up against the real dope and it would be no child's play, causing everyone to take special interest in bayonet practice, throwing of grenades, rifle practice and night patrols.

"About this time our tobacco supply ran out and the boys were bidding pretty high for a sack of 'Bull Durham' but Uncle Sam came to the rescue and issued us our first supply of Bull Durham, one sack per week to a man. From then on Bull Durham proved to be the old standby and was ever a friend to the soldier throughout the entire fight.

"As no place for recreation was provided here such as a Y. M. C.A. the boys had to find their own means of having a good time. Most of them found solace in the quaint old cafes by 'tanking up' on good old French Vin Rouge and Vin Blanc and a few at times managed to get an over supply of champagne under their belt, and then singing, foot racing, and almost any indoor sport was popular. This was too good to last long so the colonel and his assistants hoisted up the old Temperance Union banner and locked up the town. The next day Lieutenant Bowser formed a detail of military police to regulate the booze traffic and preserve order. It was a comical sight to see Heavy Sanders marching around with a nine-point cannon hanging on his belt trying to establish order. Heavy



Private First Class
LESTER B. DALTON
Plattsmouth, Neb.

Private
JAMES R. FRIED
Oakland, Neb.

Private First Class
FRED J. OLSEN
Valparaiso, Neb.

Private
HARMAN L. JAMES
Wayne, Neb.

Private
ALBERT L. BYAS
Hunt, Tex.

Private
CHESTER DUSZYNSKI
4626 S. 33d St., South Side
Omaha, Neb.



The Long and Short of Co. E

had charge of the detail but he was just like all policemen, there was a lot he couldn't see.

"The first American holiday to be spent on foreign soil was July Fourth, which was a big contrast to what we were used to on our side of the pond. Captain Cline, who was then commanding F Company came to the rescue and delivered a very interesting address. He touched briefly upon the early days of France in her many wars and her long list of kings and statesmen, both good and bad, and how she overthrew her old monarchial form of government and established the French Republic. He also spoke of the relation existing between our own republic form of government and theirs. In connection with this he tried to explain to the boys why they had traveled across the sea and left their good homes that republics like theirs and ours should live and not go down under the iron heel of emperors and kings. It was an elegant address, well delivered.

"The remainder of the day was spent entertaining the French people with various drills, foot racing, a baseball game and several selections from the band.



Private First Class
HENRY A. ROARK
Central City, Neb.

Private First Class
GLENN HOWARD
Beatrice, Neb.

Private
DALBERT PRESTON
South Side Sta., Route 4
Omaha, Neb.

Private First Class
THOMAS F. HUGHES
612 South 38th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
ALFRED E. PETERSON
R. F. D. No. 2
Herman, Neb.

Private
ADDIE D. McMAHON
Miller, S. D.



"The French ladies presented Captain Symes with a beautiful bouquet of flowers to show their appreciation. The little French girls and boys were allowed to participate in the games and the officers and soldiers took coins out of their pockets to give to the winners. The French people seemed to enjoy it thoroughly and altogether the day seemed to be a success because the Americans had made the French happy.

"A continuance of the same old grind of drill prevailed with no change except Sundays until July 14 which was the French Independence day known as the Bastile Day which was observed in a similar manner.

"On July 17 Congressman Reavis paid us a visit and shook hands with all the boys. He made an address and told us all about what was going on back home. A good many of the boys he knew personally and they were glad to hear from home again. He took the names and addresses of all the boys and wrote their folks a personal letter upon his return to the states. It seemed good to see a man from home.

"The latter part of July we received notice to fall in with full equipment for the purpose of making a thirty-two hour maneuver. We marched out about fifteen miles to an old system of French trenches. We located in a timber and pitched tents about six o'clock in the evening. It started to rain but we maneuvered all night in the rain assimilating holding the trenches against the enemy. We did not get to sleep until about six o'clock the next morning, and to cap it all, very few supplies reached us, and there was a shortage of water. The maneuver ended about six in the morning and we were allowed to cut wet weeds to put in our pup tents for a bed to sleep on for a few hours before preparing to return to camp. Our return march began just a little before noon and will never be forgotten by all those present.

Oh, yes, I nearly forgot to tell you about the three Frenchmen who were attached to our unit to instruct the boys in the use of automatic rifles. They proved quite an asset in helping the boys and teaching them to shoot. They particularly became attached to Bugler Leahy, who entertained them with his various sketches of Napoleon Bonaparte. Bugler Leahy took the responsibility upon his shoulders to teach them the many little American phrases so commonly used among the American soldiers. They were adept students and learned fast but there was one thing that Leahy forgot and that was to teach them the proper time to use the phrases and they were always pulling the wrong one at the wrong time. To show their appreciation for Bugler Leahy's efforts they in turn taught him the French language and customs. The French customs, of course, consisted of singing and spiritual entertainment and many a night the old walls of the barracks rang with the songs of the merrymakers. They were good scouts and liked the Americans and they were three sorry Frenchmen when they were ordered to join their own forces.

"May 1st, being our last payday, money was almost a thing of



Private First Class
JAMES F. COOK
Neola, Ia.

Private
WILLIAM G. HEYNE
Pender, Neb.

Private First Class
BURRELL J. BURRESS
c/o National Refining Co.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
WILLIAM MONK
Blossom, Tex.

Private First Class
LEO WESTFIELD
St. David, Ariz.

Private First Class
JOSEPH SCHWARZBURG
222 North 7th St.
Hannibal, Mo.

the past. The boys had no money to buy figs and vin rouge with and the situation was becoming serious. Captain Symes came to the rescue and issued 'beaucoup francs' out of his own pocket to the boys to tide them over until pay day. He did not make any record of the loans but simply put the boys on their honor to pay him back. In the latter part of July we received notice in the way of an order to prepare ourselves for pay day."

"What do you mean by preparing yourself for pay day?" asked George.

"Well, George, you have to be clean shaven, have your shoes shined and your sidearms must be absolutely clean. The 'top kicker' then calls the roll and lines the men up according to rank. The rankest first, such as the sergeants and corporals. We are then marched over to the building in which we are to be paid and as the company commander calls your name you answer, 'Here, sir,' step up to the desk, salute the paymaster, pick up the money and you are paid. The night after pay day is generally a big one in camp.

"On July 13 Lieutenant Fred L. Morrison and First Sergeant L. E. Wertz were sent up to Second Corps school to receive some special training in French warfare methods. On July 31 Captain John F. Symes was relieved as company commander taking command of the third battalion and Lieutenant Glenn K. Spencer was assigned to command the company. Along about this time Lieutenant Dougherty, who had taken part in the April drive with another unit, was attached to the company for duty.

"Captain Symes was a man who was a strong believer in military discipline and courtesy. He preached military discipline from morning until night and the boys thought he was a little hard on them at times but they soon began to see the necessity of military discipline and why he was putting so much stress on this subject. He could see into the future and knew that there would come a time when the boys would have to go into action and it would be necessary for the unit to move off in clock-like manner, and they appreciated their training when they entered their first engagement and realized that Captain Symes' judgment wasn't so far off after all.

"After disposing of all surplus equipment everything was put in readiness to go to the front. On August 5 trucks came and we journeyed forth all that day and night arriving next morning at Trondes, a little town north of Toul. That night we were loaded on flat cars on a little narrow gauge railroad and hauled to Rehanne woods, which was a reserve position of the front line.

"I must tell you about the trip on this train. When we climbed aboard this train there was a bunch of military police to assist with the loading. They were very peculiar fellows and kidded us about going up in the front lines. They furnished us with some brilliant advice about how to dodge shells and how to hit the dirt when they come over. This information of course was gathered from other troops returning from the front line with whom they had talked. Our officers gave us instructions not to talk above a whisper because the Germans might hear us and start shooting. We were not allowed



Private First Class
PEARL B. REYNOLDS
Wheeland, Mo.

Private First Class
ALBIN HANSEN
Wahoo, Neb.

Private First Class
EDWIN F. GOERTZ
702 Maple St.
Wausau, Wis.

Private First Class
PETER GERTENSEN
Sansock, S. D.

Private First Class
BEN F. NEEPER
Bisbee, Ariz.

Private First Class
JOHN W. SCOTT
Box 655
Morenci, Ariz

to smoke because they might see us and know that troops were moving up. All this time the old engine was shooting sparks about a hundred feet in the air and whistling at various intervals. All the brakemen on this train were kept busy answering about a million questions and of course they came back with some pretty clever answers.

“Upon our arrival whispered commands came into effect and after marching around the camp about three times in the mud and rain sleeping quarters were finally located in camouflaged barracks. We all tumbled in our bunks and spent our first night in reserve lines. The Eighty-second Division had previously held this sector and the Eighty-ninth Division took it over, also including some of the sector that the French were now holding.

“As we took this position the first battalion of our regiment moved up in the front line and on the night of August 7-8 the Boche sent over a gas barrage which lasted several hours causing heavy casualties.

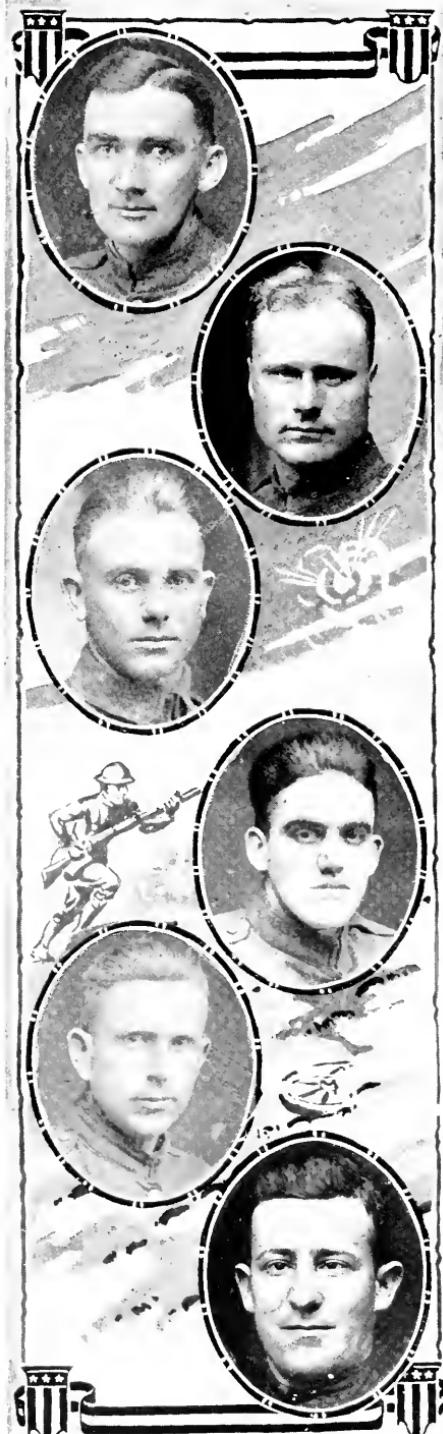
“All the next day the ambulances drove through our camp hauling the gassed men to the field hospital and we all had occasion to see the deadly effects of gas. We soon began to think that our gas masks were our best friends.

“The second night the company was again formed to take up a support position at Hammonville, preparatory to going up to relieve the first battalion in the front line. We were marched in two single files from Rehanne woods to Hammonville with an interval of fifteen yards between files. The idea for having such a big interval was merely protection against shell fire. At such points along the march where road was under German observation they were camouflaged with brush. This movement was made with the greatest caution. At Hammonville we secured our rest in the day time and those who were not doing guard duty were detailed to dig trenches during the night. These trenches were for the purpose of strengthening our position in the event that we might be driven back in this sector.

“A majority of the officers and non-commissioned officers were detailed in advance to go up to the front line to become acquainted with the conditions as they actually existed in the front line. On August 11 we were relieved by the Third battalion for the purpose of taking up our position in the front line. We were met near Beaumont by the officers and non-commissioned officers who had been up in the lines and were now familiar with the positions we were to hold, and they so successfully piloted us to these positions that the Germans gained no knowledge of the relief. However on our way up the Boche sent up flares which illuminated the entire heavens and at the first sight of these the boys hit the dirt in a little less than nothing with no commands given.

“The company occupied a sector of trenches just back of Jury woods and established a post command in a dugout about forty feet deep. This dugout was a very popular hangout for those who could produce an excuse sufficient to entitle them to these quarters.

“This entire sector being so heavily saturated with gas and the



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2832 South 38th Ave.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
WINIFRED L. LINDLEY
Washville, Ill.

Private
JOHN V. SWENSON
Arlington, S. D.

Private
ELMER R. CREECH
Olney, Ill.

Private
EARL E. DONOHO
Texico, Ill.

Private
WILLIAM A. MAYES
No. 6 Lucy St.
Mobile, Ala.

engineers not having had time to cope with the situation, it was very necessary for the officers to take every precaution for the men's safety. The men were formed in reliefs to stand guard in the trenches during the night and in the daytime we were detailed to repair trenches and keep our sector policed up which did not allow a great deal of time for rest.

"Certain members of the headquarters platoon were detailed regularly to stand as gas guard."

"Goodness," exclaimed Peggy, "Jack how did you ever get any rest?"

"Well, Peg, you see we did not figure to get a great deal of rest in the front line, but anticipated getting our rest upon our return to a support position.

"Outside of scattering shells which caused the old gas horn to sound regularly, nothing unusual happened. Of course we sent out our nightly patrols over 'No Man's Land' for the purpose of gaining information of the enemy's movements. Along with all the seriousness and hard knocks that the boys were called upon to undergo in the front lines, there were many little incidents of comedy that were bound to arise, which was so characteristic of the Yanks. I remember on one occasion how Corporal Simon Jacobsen was holding a very dangerous position with an automatic team located near our observation post which we called O. P. Joe. There was a patrol in charge of one of F Company's lieutenants formed as skirmishers directly to the left of Corporal Jacobsen's position. Feeling very much in the mood for something to happen, Corporal Jacobsen picked up a couple of stones and threw them close to where the lieutenant was lying. After hearing a noise of shifting of positions, the lieutenant, without loss of time, crawled over to Jacobsen informing him that the Boche was very close and be ready to protect them with cross fire from his automatic rifle. With great effort the corporal kept his face straight until the lieutenant returned to his position and then the corporal and his men enjoyed a good laugh. I also remember Corporal William Anderson, who had watched a post so long that it began to dance in front of him causing him to feel justified in firing several shots from his automatic rifle before he became convinced that the post wouldn't fire back.

"On August 15 First Lieutenant Fred L. Morrison and First Sergeant Wertz returned from school and Lieutenant Morrison took command of the company relieving Lieutenant Spencer.

"On the morning of August 19 about dawn, Fritz surprised us with a fifty-five minute bombardment, the shells dropping thick and fast on our position. All men who were not standing to, were ordered to fix bayonets and to be ready to greet the Boche when they come over, and at the same time we were ordered to keep our gas masks on. We had been informed earlier in the evening that the Germans were anticipating a raid on our trenches but for some reason they got cold feet and did not come over.. Lieutenant Morrison leisurely lit a cigarette, joked with the boys and told them to keep



Private First Class
JOHN A. McCUNE
Weeping Water, Neb.

Private
CHARLES H. DELHERBE
738 Marigny St.
New Orleans, La.

Private
JAMMY A. DORT
Pawnee City, Neb.

Private
MERCURIO LIMZA
Salida, Colo.

Private
HARRY S. BOWEN
DeMossville, Ky.

Private
CHESTER MORGAN
Route No. 1, Box 68
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

cool and not to expect the Boche until they lifted their barrage and threw it back of us.

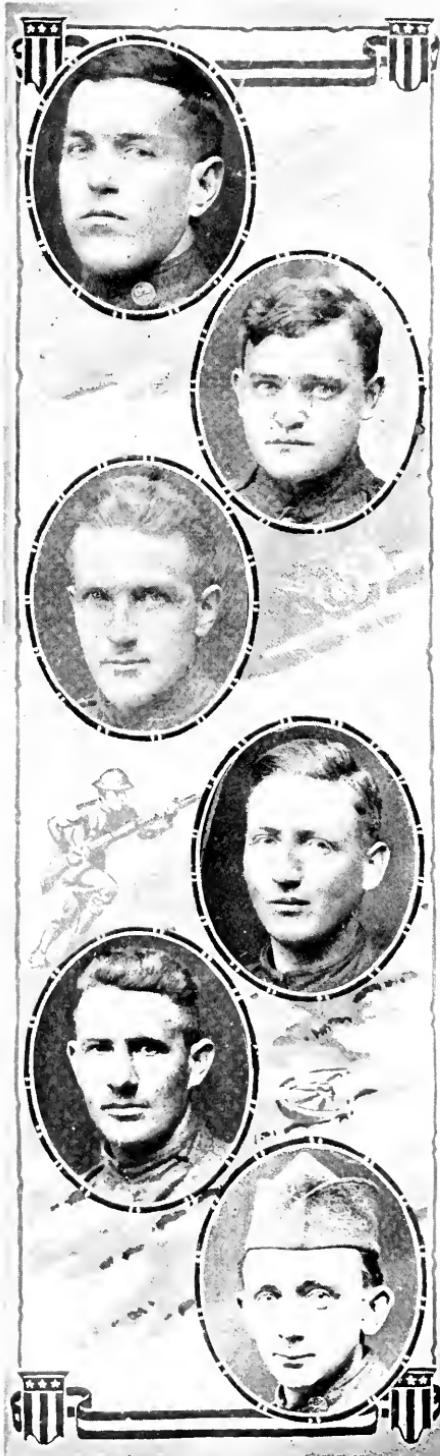
"We were relieved from these positions on August 22 by the Third battalion and returned to Rehanne woods, staying one night and were taken to Boucq by truck, where we were billeted in French barns. Here the time was spent in regular drill schedule. The drill field was located on the top of a hill which was almost a young mountain which gave the boys a real workout marching to and from the drill grounds. The town of Boucq was situated on a side hill and put one in mind of scenery shown in the Pathé weekly. It was one of the more prosperous little French towns. It was during our stay in this camp that our company suffered its first death on foreign soil. Corporal Gilmer and Corporal Heath were instructing a rifle grenadier squad of the Fourth platoon on the morning of August 27 and during the course of instruction a premature explosion occurred which shattered the tromblom on the rifle and a piece of metal struck Corporal Gilmer on the head causing instant death. Corporal Gilmer was one of the old veterans of the company and his loyalty to his company and comrades had built for him a large circle of friends and his death came as a great shock to all members of the company.

"Our next move was on the night of August 30 when we hiked back to Hammonville, a distance of about 18 kilometers. Our duties here were practically the same as when we were up here the first time and on September 7 we were ordered to again make the relief in the front line.

"This time we took up a position in Jury woods, which was several hundred yards in advance of our former position. The fourth, first and second platoons held the front line with the third in support at the company P. C. The weather had taken a decided change now and 'Sunny France' had became rainy and the days and nights in the trenches with the rats and mud was anything but pleasant. Our new position was more dangerous than our previous one owing to the fact that we were in the woods which were continually being gassed by the Germans. Mount Sec, one of the strongest fortified points in the Toul sector, which cost the French thousands of lives in their attempt to take it by an infantry charge during the early part of the war, was located just a short distance ahead and with the use of field glasses we could observe the German activities at that point very successfully.

"Our patrols were sent out each night to get information concerning the German movements. It was no joke to get out on one of these patrols because you not only ran the chance of clashing with an enemy patrol, but were continually being stopped by your own men in the front line as you returned. You see the only means of getting back into our own lines was by the use of the countersign which was changed each night. The boys in the trenches being on a continual strain were unusually nervous and were liable to shoot at almost any moving object unless they were very sure that they were our own men.

"While we were holding this sector the French and American



Private
JOHN E. JEWELL
Farmersburg, Ind.

Private
ROBERT WOODS
Alvin, Ky.

Private First Class
CHRIST E. HEDAGAARD
Luck, Wis.

Private
GAY W. MONTGOMERY
Suit, N. C.

Private
BEN BORGERDING
Corntown, Ky.
Pendleton, Colo.

Private
JOHN T. ENGBERG
Hetzland, S. D.



Taken During Our Advance on the St. Mihiel Drive

artillery were continually moving up and taking their positions as to the size of their guns along this entire sector. Some of the smaller guns were within a few feet of the front lines while the larger ones were located as far back as ten kilometers. I never imagined that there was so much artillery in the whole allied army. At places it was hub to hub.

"After five days and five nights spent in these trenches with very little rest, on the morning of September 12 at 1 o'clock we were relieved by the Forty-second Division and with much difficulty the company was reorganized and taken to the back of Jury woods, where they were informed for the first time that they were to go over the top at 5 o'clock sharp.. We were then marched to the Fliry road, where we dropped packs and made up our light packs which consisted of toilet articles and two days' rations. Most of the boys were so excited that they lost most of their rations and in some cases most of their toilet articles.

"We were then marched to Fliry bridge where we waited in readiness. A few minutes before 5 o'clock the machine guns started their barrage and everything was made in readiness for the thrill that comes with the first time over the top. During the entire four hours our artillery was putting over a barrage the magnitude of which was never before experienced by the Germans. The German artillery fired back feebly but their batteries were soon silenced and battered to pieces.

"The sky was blood red and the noise was deafening and Dante himself could not have dreamed a more vivid picture of hell. I often



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CHARLES U. DUBEL
Chadron, Neb.

Private First Class
JOHN J. STEFACEK
2909 South 25th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
MACK G. LANE
Pender, Neb.

Private First Class
DESARI COSTELLO
Esmond, S. D.

Private
STORMES
O. Station
Omaha, Neb.

Private
JOHN R. LANDRUM
Route No. 2
Dry Ridge, Ky.



The Remains of a German Artillery Emplacement During
Our Advance on the St. Mihiel

wondered, during these few hours while the artillery was dealing out death and utter destruction to the German forces if they still believed in the kaiser's motto, 'Gott Mit Uns.' At exactly 5 o'clock our company commander, Lieutenant Fred L. Morrison, gave the command to go forward. As we climbed up over the embankment with bayonets fixed and loaded down with grenades and our nerves geared up to the highest pitch we experienced our first thrill of actual battle.

"On and on we went in the mad, wild rush through barb wire entanglements and across deep trenches, which in some cases were so wide that some of the smaller men would misjudge the distance and fall in as they were trying to cross and would require the assistance of a comrade to pull them out. Being continually under the enemy's machine gun fire it was necessary for each little group of men to take cover in shell holes or trenches according to their own judgment as we pushed forward. By this time the morale of the German forces was broken and we were sending prisoners to the rear in large numbers. The Germans discovered that we were taking prisoners in: ... 'ing them, as they had been previously informed by their ... lers they appeared mighty glad to surrender and be taken by us.

"Our first stop, which was in the middle of the day, was in a sort of valley protected on all sides by brush and highlands where we had our first bite to eat, hard ratons. No time was wasted after we had eaten and we immediately took up pursuit. Practically every member of the company shared in the taking of prisoners before the day was ended. We had advanced beyond the trenches by this time and were engaged in open warfare so it was necessary when we reached the hill near Euvazin to dig in for the first time.

"You know we each carried a little shovel on the back of our packs which proved to be a very dear friend and it was with these that we dug the little holes to crawl in which furnished us protection for the night. During this whole drive the airplanes worked in



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HARRY ZABEL
Quenemo, Kas.

Private
HAROLD P. GIDEON
Davey, Neb.

Private
WALTER A. HENDERSON
Bardwell, Ky.

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ARTHUR K. CAMPBELL
Carson, Ia.

Private
HARRY TISSMAN
504 Alfred Ave.
Winnipeg, Canada

Private
HERBERT N. AGEE
Owenton, Ky.



A German Machine Gun Nest—Furnished by a German Prisoner

perfect harmony with the infantry and artillery. They would swoop down on the German trenches and cut loose with their machine guns with deadly effect. By this time the Huns had reorganized their artillery with such success that they were shelling our position heavily, causing many casualties in companies who were supporting us on the right and left, however, luck seemed to be with us and our losses were light. I will never forget the sight in a unit a short distance to our left. Fritz sent over a shell which scored a direct hit on a squad of men killing every man.

"I forgot to mention that Second Lieutenant Carl Goldsberry had been attached to the company August 25 for duty. Lieutenant Goldsberry had seen previous action in the April drive together with Lieutenant Dougherty, and the experience of the two young lieutenants proved to be quite an asset to the company. They were both daredevils and full of pep.

"After the boys finished digging their next thought was to get something to eat as our rations were practically exhausted, so a detail from each squad were allowed to go foraging. But the only thing they could find were cabbage and turnip patches so the boys ate raw cabbage and turnips for their supper.

"All night long death cries could be heard from the lips of unfortunate comrades on our right and left following the explosion of the German shells. The next morning the drive was continued and on the night of the 13th we haulted near Benny and again dug in. This time more pains were taken to establish our lines for fear of counter-attacks. Here for the first time during the drive our kitchen caught up with us and located in the town of Benny. Our food was cooked in Benny and carried out to the company in containers by men detailed from the company. It was necessary for us to eat our



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Tindell, S. D.

Private
FRED MOHRMAN
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Private
HERMAN MERCURIO
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Omaha, Neb.

Private
LAWRENCE O'CONNOR
1420½ Sherwood Ave.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
N. J. TROOK
Syracuse, Neb.

Private
TONY RITZO
1020 South 21st St.
Omaha, Neb.

meals before the sun was up and after sun down because we had to protect ourselves from aerial observation.

"The town of Benny had been pretty well shot up by American artillery as the Germans had previously held this town and were forced to retreat. The town was located on the ridge of a hill on the main traveled road and furnished a good target for the German artillery who continually shelled it night and day after the Americans moved in which resulted in their killing about eight to ten Yanks a day.

"No unusual activity occurred at this new position until September 15 when the second battalion was called upon to form a patrol for the purpose of taking a small town which was strongly fortified with machine guns located about four kilometers in advance of our position. The patrol moved forward in combat groups that night and when within a few hundred yards of the enemy we were commanded to continue the advance on our hands and knees. However, we were soon detected, due to the numerous flares sent up by the Huns, who immediately opened fire upon us with their machine guns and to our surprise we found that we had been directed into a position that was subject to a three way machine gun fire from the enemy. When we began to get our bearings we found that we were in what might be termed a horseshoe trap. Having no artillery support and not even having one-pounders with us we decided that a rifle grenade barrage would not be sufficient to cope with the situation and prepare our way for a charge, therefore after lying for several hours under continual machine gun fire we were forced to withdraw at dawn. After taking cover in timber a short distance in the rear for a few hours we marched back to our old position in single file with an interval of about fifty feet between men, under heavy shell fire. The next night there was a call for volunteers to try and take the same position. A large number responded and the advance was made under practically the same difficulties as the previous night, but they were again forced to withdraw and decided that it would be foolish to try and take this position without artillery preparation.

"It was on the second advance that Lieutenant McDonough was seriously wounded in the arm causing the company to lose one of its most capable officers. Lieutenant McDonough had been with the company since it originated. He was absolutely fearless, a hard worker, and it was no uncommon sight to see the lieutenant after drill hours calling his men together and giving them special instructions, for his one aim was to get the company up to the highest degree as a fighting unit. His special hobby was bayonet fighting and he was rated among the best as an instructor. He liked his men and it was a pleasure for the boys to soldier under him.

"The third night, after a light artillery preparation, the position was taken successfully and another prize added to the boys' record of twenty-six machine guns and approximately seven hundred prisoners. The next few days were spent in a support position near



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Private First Class
PATRICO SOLIZ
Sardis, La.

Private
JOE POLLETO
Box 88
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Private
VINCENZO CORTIGI
1109 South 13th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
CARMELO CONSENTINO
404 William St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
JOSEPH FIRICARIO
807 Pierce St.
Omaha, Neb.

Benny with nothing unusual happening except that we were continually under shell fire.

"On September 21 we again shifted our position to Vallon woods, near Boullionville, where better shelter was provided by old German dugouts and temporary shelters were constructed by the men out of sheet metal and logs. These old dugouts had been the home of the German forces up until the day of the drive and their hasty retreat caused them to leave them in very good condition. In front of some of these dugouts were little arbors and tables and seats, where the Germans had probably enjoyed many a good stein and joke at the expense of the Frenchmen.

"While in this position the battalion commander informed the company that they would have to turn out for battalion parade and with the German airplanes continually flying over our heads the parade was not as successful as during normal times.

"On September 26-27 we received our first replacement of casualties consisting of forty men to partially replace the company's losses. These men had just arrived in France and were immediately assigned to our company. They came mostly from Southern states, and had been rushed across without any training to speak of. We all looked them over and decided they were a pretty good bunch of fellows. They were distributed evenly among the different platoons and took up their duties with the company just like old timers. You see we considered ourselves old heads at the game by this time.

"On September 30 our company commander, First Lieutenant Fred L. Morrison, was taken to the hospital on account of stomach trouble, with which he had been suffering continually through the St. Mihel drive. He would not consent to go to the hospital until the drive was over. Here E Company dropped from its rolls an officer who had the entire confidence of the company. Everybody went to Dady Morrison with his little woes because they always felt at home to talk with the lieutenant and you were always sure of getting a square deal. He never held himself aloft from his men, but was always one of the boys. First Lieutenant Arthur A. Maclear was assigned to command the company relieving Lieutenant Morrison.

"The company again moved forward on October 1 and took up a support position between Boullionville and the front line. Here under adverse conditions we were called upon to dig trenches both day and night for no other purpose but to keep the men busy. This position being directly under German aerial observation, we were continually shelled, night and day. After five days spent in this position the company was moved to Boullionville and billeted in buildings in this town. Here we received a large delivery of mail and our duties being light, with enough to eat for the first time during the drive, we began to feel more like ourselves than we had for many days. On October 8 we were relieved by the Thirty-seventh Division on this whole sector, and we marched back to Rehanne woods where we spent one day. On October 9 First Lieutenant Cass Harrington was assigned to command the company, relieving Lieutenant Mac-



Private
ALBERT M. PARKER
R. F. D. No. 1
Ozark, Ark.

Private
ANTON BASKA
Tabor, S. D.

Private
JOSEPH B. CADWALLADER
Winside, Neb.

Private
JOSE OTERO
Clifton, Ariz.

Private
HERMAN H. MOHLENBRINK
Breckinridge, Okla.

Private
JOSEPH SVAB
Dubois, Neb.

Lear, who was taken to the hospital. On this same date we were loaded in Chink trucks and after riding all that day and night and the next day until noon we arrived at Recicourt which was on the Verdun front. It was certainly a great relief to unload because we were packed in these trucks so tight that we could hardly stretch our legs, let alone try to get any sleep.

"At Recicourt we established a camp on a side hill just on the outskirts of town and at night those who had shelterhalves pitched tents, but the majority of the men had to assimilate their tents. There was an attempt here to do close order drill under the trees, but the results were not overly successful because the noise of the German airplanes over our head attracted more attention than the commands given to execute the manual of arms.

"By this time everybody had received their full quota of cooties and if you didn't get any mail you could read your undershirt. It was not an uncommon sight to see the boys taking an inventory to see how many more had been born each day. 'Everybody was doing it.'

"On October 13 we proceeded through the mud to a position near Epionville where we again dug in. Just to the left of our positions there was a battery of huge French guns which were continually in operation and this caused our position to be continually shelled as the Germans were trying to silence these guns. Here we made preparation for the next drive, stocking up on ammunition and filling any shortage necessary to strengthen our forces.

"On October 19 we again moved forward to relieve the Thirty-second Division, which was holding a position in Bantheville woods. During this entire movement it rained continually. Here we reorganized our forces for the purpose of wiping out a German strong point which heretofore had checked the advance of the previous drives.

"Of course it must always be kept in mind that all of the regiments of infantry in the Eighty-ninth Division were likewise participating in these movements.

"On the night of the 19th while making this relief Private Ira S. Penninger was killed from the explosion of a hand grenade. He was known personally by nearly every man in the company as he handled most of the barber work for the boys and after drill hours when everybody was resting this lad was never too tired to do you a favor. He was a good soldier and a credit to the company.

"The next day was spent in trying to procure a little rest, which was next to impossible as we had no shelter and our clothing was soaked with rain. Under these conditions we managed to pass the time until midnight October 20-21 when we were ordered to take our next objective which was on the northern edge of Bantheville woods. Fritzie's intelligence department was surely wise to this movement as we not only met their artillery barrage, but faced the fiercest machine gun resistance ever encountered by any unit of the Eighty-ninth Division. By morning both Lieutenant Harrington and Lieutenant Sam Smith were wounded and taken to the rear leaving



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A. B. WALLACE
Somewhere in Scotland

Private
EMMETT LAWLER
3119 T Street, South Side
Omaha, Neb.

Private
CLIFFORD B. REYNOLDS
Corning, Mo.

Private
JOHN A. IZAKSON
Lake Andes, S. D.

Private
WILLIAM T. NAUGHTON
1617 Cass St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private First Class
WRIGHT COCHRAN
1021 South 36th St.
Omaha, Neb.



Dead Germans Who Were Plentiful in this Drive

Second Lieutenant John Gaskill in command. Even though we had suffered heavy losses and were tired, wet and hungry when the news went round that Lieutenant Gaskill was in command the company seemed to take on new life because the boys all knew him and had confidence in his ability to lead them.

“Of course this operation was purely a second battalion movement which was under the command of Captain Fisher, who was acting major. Everyone will remember Captain Fisher, who could always be found in the thickest of the engagement until the objective was taken. Although he was wounded badly in the hand in the early part of this engagement he laughed at the idea of going to the rear and stuck with the boys until the battle was over, which was about 3 o’clock in the afternoon. Many times during this struggle as we would clean out a German machine gun nest the boys will always remember the shrill cry of the Huns, ‘kamerad.’ Fritz would cry like a baby when he was captured.

“It was during this engagement that First Lieutenant Glenn K. Spencer was killed. He had been transferred from duty with E Company August 26 as adjutant of the Second Battalion, and while acting in this capacity he was struck by a large fragment of a shell, causing instant death. The lieutenant was a very capable officer and had many friends in E Company.

“Here we reorganized the company and found that we had suffered in killed and wounded approximately forty men, including a large number of non-commissioned officers. This reduced our forces to about 130 men. Here we established the front line with our company in the front wave, which we held until early the next morning when we were relieved by a machine gun battalion of the Eighty-ninth Division. We marched back to Bois de Gaines for a rest which proved one of the hardest marches the company had endured, with the men weak from hunger and suffering from thirst.

“I remember times on this march when the boys would disregard danger to drink water out of shell holes which were so apt to



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Private
ANDREW BOSS
Castlewood, S. D.

Private
PHILIP MORRIS
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Denver, Colo.

Private
CARL A. W. MADSEN
Wayne, Neb.

Private
ADOLPHUS J. MILETTE
922 West Market St.
Aberdeen, Wash.

Private
FRED W. JOHNSON
Bryant, S. D.



Bringing Home the Bacon, or in Other Words, Bringing
in Boche Prisoners

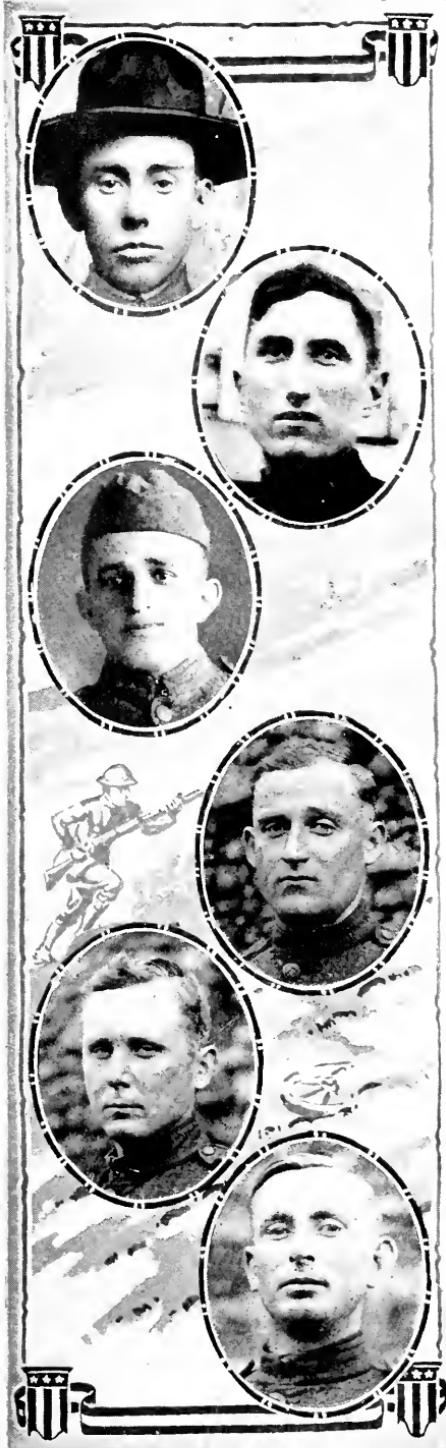
be poisoned by gas. It was also during this march that we received the first package of cookies gratis from the Y. M. C. A. We established ourselves in this position by digging in and providing our own shelter and making ourselves as comfortable as conditions would permit. Our kitchen soon located near us and we again had something warm to eat. It must always be borne in mind that during a drive of this kind it is impossible for the kitchens to keep up with the men, especially in wooded territory.

"A few days later a memorandum issued from the corps and division commanders was read to us giving praise to the way we had cleared Bantheville woods of the enemy.

"On October 25 First Lieutenant Garfield G. Tunnel was attached to command the company and Second Lieutenant Fred A. Correll was attached for duty. The time was spent in map and compass reading and it was here that the non-commissioned officers first received information as to our future movements. It was not an uncommon thing for a Boche airplane to fly over our position and drop sheets of propaganda printed in English.

"During all this time the artillery was moving up night and day and preparing to deal the final crushing blow to the Huns. On November 1st we moved forward again and stopped in Bantheville woods. The next day we continued our advance as the front line moved forward. On November 3 we took up a support position near Tailly where we dug in in three different positions in twenty-four hours. On the morning of November 5 we advanced through heavy artillery fire to a position near Beauclair where we were held up for a few hours due to a terrible bombardment from the German artillery and machine gun fire from their airplanes. In the afternoon we again pushed forward to find the bridges blown out, compelling us to wade the river, reaching the Bois Dreulet that evening.

"Here we expected to meet stubborn resistance, but we found



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Private
SAM PELETZ
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Private
JOSEPH PODROWZEK
1511 South 3d St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
CLIFF MYRE
Hickman, Ky.

Private
MIKE GRIDOWSKI
3213 South 29th St.
Omaha, Neb.



Shell Exploding in What WAS the Argonne Forest

that the enemy had retreated, leaving the roads blocked with large trees which had been sawed so as to fall across the road for the purpose of retarding our advance. We advanced into the woods where we dug in for the night. Our progress through these woods was very slow owing to the density of the underbrush and the difficulty of trying to establish liaison between the different combat groups. We again moved forward the next morning and made our next stop near Laneuville, where we stayed two days.

"During this time we kept continually sending out patrols and also sending details to the rear in an effort to secure reserve rations as our food supply was entirely exhausted and our kitchen had not as yet been located. On November 8 we shifted to the left entering the Forret de Jaulnay where the company formed the first wave. We had been continually losing men during this entire movement which left our company weakened and considerably below war strength. During this entire advance Lieutenant Tunnel was continually in command and by this time had proved to the company his ability as a leader and director of men.

"He possessed special ability along the line of maps and compass reading and by this knowledge saved the boys many steps in moving from one position to another. We moved forward to the edge of the woods and located on a side hill a few hundred yards from the Meuse river. The little town of Inor was located just across the river from us. Here we established the front line and built ourselves our little homes by digging a hole in the ground and covering it with heavy logs and dirt.

"The Germans were sure aware of our movements in this sector and kept continually sending over a heavy bombardment of 'Whiz Bangs' and high explosive which netted them more American casualties. Our first movement after establishing our front line was to send out a patrol for the purpose of patrolling the Meuse river and to obtain information regarding the enemy if possible. Our next



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Durant, Miss.

Private First Class
OATHER CARPENTER
Diller, Neb.

Private
ALFRED PETERSON
4526 North 14th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
JUAN R. SANCHEZ
Metcalf, Ariz.

Private
GEORGE LAMMERS
Hartington, Neb.

Private
LUCASZ SARNOWSKI
28th and J Sts., South Side
Omaha, Neb.



Dead Germans Ready to be Buried

movement was to establish our outposts. One was located between the river and our front line and the other was located just a few hundred feet from the river.

"An order came from higher command to furnish a patrol of twenty men and one officer from our company to cross the Meuse river, penetrate the enemy's lines, and bring back prisoners. Now in the first place the Meuse river is a deep river with a swift current, all the bridges in the whole sector had been blown out, we had no boats, so there was only one way to cross the river and that was to swim it, and remember that this was the month of November and the water at that time of the year is cold. In addition to this, let me say, had our patrol succeeded in crossing the river there was another obstacle to overcome nearly as difficult as there was a canal between the river and the enemy.

"Lieutenant Correll who was in command of this patrol exerted every means possible in an endeavor to find some means of crossing the river, even going so far as to carrying old planks and logs to the remaining pillars of the blown up bridge which crossed the river at Inor. Finding this plan to be unsuccessful the lieutenant and his men decided that swimming the river would be a needless sacrifice of men so the patrol returned to camp. The remainder of the company was greatly surprised to see the boys, because they never really expected to see them again had they carried out this order.

"Then came the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the year 1918, a day that will never be forgotten by the entire world.

"Shortly before eleven o'clock some of the boys on the outposts reported that they thought that some other American unit had crossed the river and taken the town of Inor because they could hear singing and yelling and bugles were blowing all along the German lines, not once suspecting that this came from the Germans who were celebrating. Just before their report reached the company



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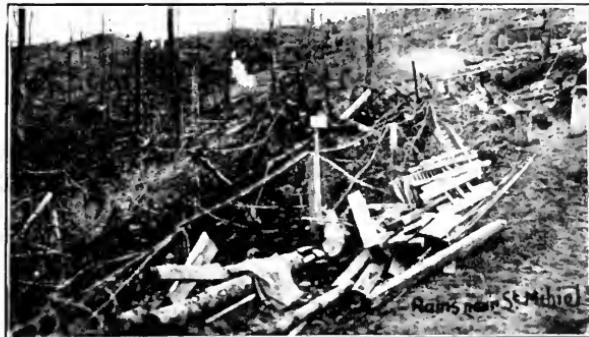
Private
EDWARD LOW
313 North 21st St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
MARTIN LUNDIN
3028 Cass St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
GUS CARLSON
3045 Stone Ave.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
JOHN GOODENOW
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Private First Class
JACOB MARTIG
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Omaha, Neb.



The Results of an American Barrage in Wooded Territories

commander he had received an order from higher command that no shots were to be fired after eleven o'clock. Evidently the Huns must have received the same order as they made a vigorous effort to empty all their guns at the Americans before the specified moment; they wanted to get in the last shot.

"When Lieutenant Tunnell called us together and read us the news, "Oh, Boy! what a feeling. At eleven o'clock all bombardment ceased and the sudden silence shattered the nerves of the men more than the bombardment. Everybody stood around shivering with the cold until some farsighted genius suggested that we build a bonfire and get warm. This was certainly a case of follow the leader because in a few minutes you would have thought that there was a forest fire. You see previous to the armistice we had no fires and could not even as much as light a match for the fear of drawing enemy shell fire.

"The boys had been soaked through with the rain and had no chance up to this time to dry their clothes. As the boys sat around the fire taking off their shoes to dry them and pulling off their shirts to look for cooties you could hear the fellows singing that familiar strain, 'They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me.' As the flames of the camp fires leaped higher, everyone seemed to pitch his conversation just a trifle higher and the boys next thought turned to betting on how soon we would start for home. Everyone was talking at once and speculating was common.

"After drying our clothes and getting warm, our next thought was to further the festivities by having a banquet, but we had no place we could go for the fatted calf so we contented ourselves by cooking coffee over the bonfires in our cups and eating what 'Bullie Beef' and hard tack we had on hand.

"The nervous tension was too high for any of the boys to sleep that night and the conversation dragged on until the break of day. This sure was a day and night of rejoicing.

"On November 13 we moved to Carre farm which was a short distance away. Here we were billeted in a large barn which had



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Private First Class
DAVID W. DRAPEAU
Lake Andes, S. D.

Private
ELIAS SANDELL
Address Unknown

Private First Class
THOMAS A. LORENZEN
7924 North 30th St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private First Class
CLIFTON J. FERRIN
Clearwater, Neb.

Private First Class
GEORGE VETTER
11103 Liberty Ave.
Richmond Hill
Brooklyn, N. Y.

previously been an old dairy. The morning was spent in picking up equipment in the woods. In the afternoon the company was detailed to help the engineers clean mud off the roads so that it would be possible for trucks to bring up supplies. On the morning of the 14th we assembled all of our equipment and marched back to Barricourt which town was badly shot up and practically deserted. Here we were billeted in the buildings that remained standing. The town was in a very dirty condition and we had to 'police' it before it was fit to live in.

"We received a very good stock of supplies here and a liberal supply of tobacco. Up to this time tobacco was so scarce that the boys were offering as high as twenty francs for a sack. The next few days were spent in sending out salvaging details to bury dead horses and to pick up equipment over the battle scarred country.

"A drill schedule then reached us from regimental headquarters and of course the company had to turn out for drill. This sure was tough because the boys were sick and tired and in very poor condition to drill. They needed to be fed up a bit before they could put very much snap in the drill. At this town we were given our first opportunity to purchase cookies, gum and candy from the Y. M. C. A. Believe me, these sure went good.

"Of course now our fighting career was ended and to the American soldier no better words could express what we had helped to accomplish than the words of General Pershing in a general order which read in part:

"Your achievement, which is rarely to be equalled in American history, must remain a source of proud satisfaction to the troops who participated in the last campaign of the war. The American people will remember it as the realization of the hitherto potential strength of the American contribution towards the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. There can be no greater reward for a soldier or a soldier's memory."

"We had been in this town but a short time when Lieutenants Gaskill and Correll were transferred up to the Second division for duty. It was hard to part with Lieutenant Gaskill because he had been with the boys all through the big show and believe me, it was not easy for the lieutenant when he had to bid the old gang good-bye. Although Lieutenant Correll had only been with us a short time he had proven himself to be a man of great courage and a man who would not ask his men to go a place that he would not gladly go himself. Both of the lieutenants had made good with the boys.

"About this time there was a good many wild-cat rumors about the Eighty-ninth Division being one of the first ones to be sent back to the United States and the morale of the company had gone up about 300 per cent in anticipation of going home. Also the Eighty-ninth Division being rated as one of the best combat divisions, we were called upon to furnish a part of the army of occupation, and on the morning of November 21 we began our triumphal march into Germany.



Corporal
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Star Route
Fowler, Colo.

Private
JAMES KELLEY
2777 Webster St.
Omaha, Neb.

Private
SAMUEL CABERA
517 Canulos St.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Private
SHERMAN ALLEN
Lexington, Neb.



"On the evening of the first day found us at Stenay, France, where we were billeted for the night. Here we saw a large number of French prisoners which had been released and were home-ward bound. They certainly cheered the Yanks. Next morning we were called at 4 o'clock to again take up the march at 7 o'clock. It had rained practically all night long and was still raining and we marched over a muddy road and through the rain all that day. Evening found us at the small village of Sapogone, France, twenty-five kilometers from Stenay. Here we again billeted until November 30. The time was spent in 'policing up' and performing the usual drill duties.

"All of the boys will remember the Thanksgiving day spent at this town. We certainly had a good deal to be thankful for, we were alive, and the armistice was signed. The chaplain delivered a sermon to the boys which was no doubt the most appreciated sermon that they had ever attended on Thanksgiving day.

"Our menu for dinner certainly was a real contrast to mother's roast turkey. We had the usual army travel rations, of hard tack, canned tomatoes, corn beef and beans. Some of the more fortunate lads were able to purchase Belgian hares and a few chickens from the French civilians. The priest invited all the soldiers into the church and spoke to them in French which was interpreted to us through our chaplain who understood and spoke French very well. He told how this town of Sapogone was one of the first towns to be invaded by the Huns and how, for four years they had been slaves of the Germans, subjected to all kinds of outrages against the women and children.

"The tears ran down the old priest's face as he said that words could not express his gratitude to the American soldiers for their deliverance, but he hoped that the blessings of God would rest upon the entire American army forever. These poor French peasants knowing that this was an American holiday exerted every possible effort to entertain the Yanks by offering them what little they had and opening their homes to the boys. I might say here that when a Frenchman invites you to sit by his fireside in his own home he has paid you the highest compliment that he can. This is a custom of their country.

"On November 30 we again took up the march and journeyed across southern Belgium arriving at Dampicourt, Belgium, where we were billeted in a large school house for the night.

"After we were nicely settled for the night a bugler let out a blast and sounded the 'Call to Arms,' which necessitated all of the boys jumping out from under the blankets and falling out under arms. This was practiced occasionally to prevent surprise attacks on the troops. The Yanks were taking no chances about the Germans being through fighting.

"Early on the morning of December 1, we again took up the march and by evening we had very nearly crossed the country of Belgium and put up at the little town of Messancy, Belgium, for the night. The next morning we arose at the usual time and journeyed

on to Bertrange, Luxenberg. The Luxenbergers had a big sign up welcoming the American soldiers.

"During our entire journey through Belgium and Luxenberg we would have the good housewives cook us good things to eat. The meals cost plenty of 'Jack' but we were fast getting tired of the army rations and we wanted something good to eat, and believe me those old ladies know how to cook.

"By this time the boys were getting pretty tired of marching and the old pack kept getting a little heavier each day. The thing that every soldier despised was marching at attention through towns. When you march all day long with a heavy pack on your back and then when you have to march at attention through towns, believe me it pretty nearly brings mutiny.

"We marched on to Ernster, Luxemberg, the next day stopping for the night. On December 4 we again resumed the march and that night found us at Consdorf, Luxemberg. Here we were allowed to rest a day which certainly was appreciated by the boys. We fell in again on December 6 and about noon we marched across the border and into Germany. The Three Hundred and Fifty-fifth infantry band struck up a lively tune, but the German civilians did not seem to appreciate the music. We marched across the hills of 'Deutschland' all that afternoon and that night we billeted in Welchbellig, Germany. The people did not seem overjoyed at seeing us, however we were treated far better than we expected to be and it wasn't very long before the boys had won over the little children to their side.

"On December 7 we continued into Germany to the little town of Spange. We rested here for a day and resumed our march on the morning of December 9. This was only a short hike, however, and we arrived at Spiecer, Germany, about noon.

"This practically ended the long march of nearly 200 kilometers accomplished in about ten days' marching. We averaged about $3\frac{1}{2}$ kilometers an hour during our entire march. The scenery along this entire journey was really wonderful and I suppose that if a fellow had been traveling in a car he would have enjoyed the beauty of those hills, but when you journey about twenty miles a day on the hobnail express, up hill and down hill, with a heavy pack on your back a rifle, a hundred and ten rounds of ammunition, an automatic pi. 1, to say nothing of the boys who were carrying automatic rifles and ammunition, believe me the only time that we marveled at nature's handiwork was when we fell out along the roadside to rest for ten minutes at the end of each hour's marching.

"The American officers higher up issued an order here that all the boys were to sleep in bed and not more than one to a bed. This was the best piece of news we had heard since the signing of the armistice. This order was very carefully carried out much to the discomfort and expense of the Germans. So in a pretty little German village and there were some pretties in this town and of course these were readily utilized.



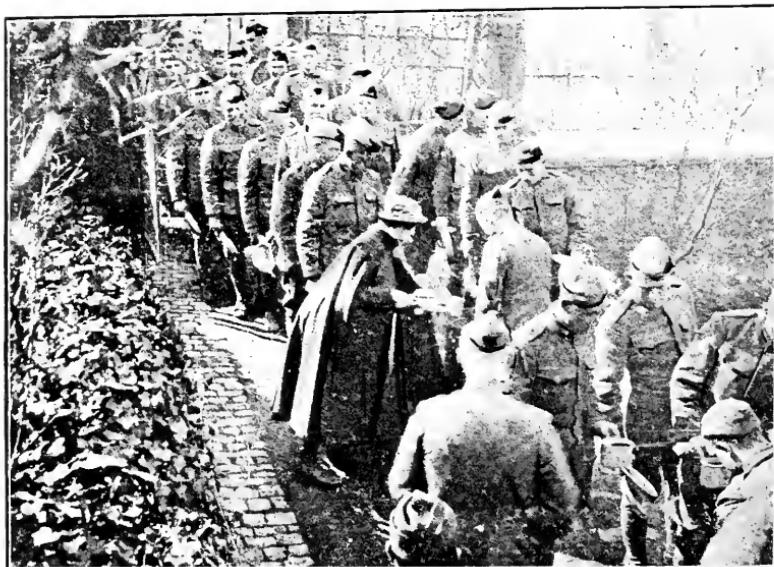
Saarburg, Germany, Showing the Famous Old Castle Above it

"The duties of the company during their stay at this town was guarding railroad bridges and tunnels, with the second platoon stationed at Philippsheim carrying out the same duties. Here the boys considered themselves almost on a vacation when they were doing guard duty as it was such a contrast from what they had been doing and it gave them a good rest. The 'chow' was also pretty good because we had received some fresh beef and a good supply of other rations.

"We were relieved from guard duty on December 18 and on December 20 we were loaded into trucks and hauled to Saarburg, Germany. We were billeted just across the river from Saarburg in the little town of Beurig. Here we again established ourselves in the German homes enjoying their big feather beds at rest we knew how.

"Christmas rolled around while we were in this town. The windows of the stores were decorated with toys and the Christmas spirit prevailed everywhere. The churches all held services which were attended by many of the boys who were always welcome in the churches.

"The Y. M. C. A. at Saarburg had a Christmas tree for all of the boys billeted in the towns of Saarburg and Beurig. Each soldier was given a package containing a bar of chocolate, two cookies, a package and a cigar. A few of the lucky boys had from home, but most of these did not reach us until in February.



Co. E's Mess Line—Taken While Stationed in Germany

"The mess sergeant and the cooks prepared a pretty fine Christmas dinner which consisted of roast pork, mashed potatoes, dressing, gravy, bread, coffee and apple cobbler. Here is where we have to give the mess sergeant and the cooks a vote of thanks. After dinner a few extemporaneous speeches were made on the depot platform by a very popular sergeant from O'Neill, Nebraska, and a bugler from Omaha, Nebraska, and after listening for some little time to these speeches the boys pronounced them a success and pledged themselves to vote for both at the next election.

"Half holidays were observed between Christmas and New Years. On January 3 we had a surprise inspection by Major General Winn. The weather was unusually disagreeable, but this did not excuse us from standing this inspection. Our orders were to fall out with full field equipment plus all the surplus shoes and blankets that we possessed. We marched through the mud to the drill grounds and a certain squad was picked out from each company to spread out their equipment for inspection. Considerable stress was laid upon the shoe strings and shoe dubbin. Luckily for Company E this squad had all their equipment in good shape and in a few hours the company was breathing easy again.

"About this time considerable sickness broke out in the company and a good many of the boys were unable to attend drill on account of slight touches of influenza and in a good many instances it became more serious and they were sent to the hospital at Trier, Germany.

"On December 16 Captain Charles A. Wright was assigned to

command the company, but did not arrive until about a week later. On December 28 he was relieved of command and sent to an army school, leaving Lieutenant Tunnel again in command. On January 14 Lieutenant Tunnel was relieved from command and assigned to special duty as town major of Buerig and First Lieutenant Charles K. Bowser was assigned to the company. Lieutenant Bowser was not a stranger to E Company, as he was with F Company during all the drives and the two companies generally worked together. Lieutenant Bowser was taken sick and First Lieutenant Edwin A. Irwin was attached to command the company. On January 18 Captain John C. Moore was assigned to command the company, relieving Lieutenant Irwin. Captain Moore remained in command until February 4 when Captain Charles Wright returned from army school and was assigned to command, remaining in command until we were finally mustered out.

"On January 12 we received our first pay in German money, being paid in German currency, ranging in value from one mark to one hundred marks. From January 20 to 23 we had preliminary training for range firing and from January 24 to January 30 we spent on the rifle range near Beurig, where everyone had a chance to practice shooting.

"Second Lieutenant James L. Webster was assigned to the company for duty on February 8 and First Lieutenant Arthur McKnight was assigned on February 1... The boys looked these two young men over and decided that they were a couple of pretty good fellows and they got along with the boys splendidly.

"During the month of February we could always count on rice without sugar or milk, and bread and syrup for breakfast. We always had rice and syrup. For dinner we generally had a stew of some kind and baked or boiled potatoes. For supper we would probably get canned tomatoes, macaroni, pickles, bread and coffee, and occasionally bread pudding. The meals while nothing to speak of, were a thousand times better than we received during our fighting days. This was due, of course, to failure in getting supplies to the cooks. We generally managed, by spending considerable money with the Y. M. C. A. for jam, cookies, and canned fruit, to make out a pretty good meal.

"We had quite a few social gatherings during the evenings at the different cafes. Of course the landlords were always glad to welcome the boys because they always spend considerable money. We were not permitted to purchase anything but light wines and beers, however the girl bartenders were generally very busy. These 'Gasthaus' were about the only place one could go in the evenings and they closed up at nine o'clock. Occasionally the Y. M. C. A. would have a moving picture show and the company would have to line up and march over to Saarburg if they wanted to see the show.

"It must be borne in mind that the American soldiers were not allowed to fraternize with the German people and there was no dancing or any of this kind of enjoyment, neither were we per-



mitted to purchase anything to eat from the Germans. There was an army order posted everywhere forbidding the purchase of fats, meat, cereals and bread.

“During the month of February we did the usual guard duty, made long practice marches, followed out the regular drill schedule, certain details worked on the roads, and we had our regular Saturday morning field inspection. Sickness had begun to ease up considerably in the company and the boys were beginning to take on a little weight and were beginning to look much better. The Y. M. C. A. began to furnish a little more entertainment and things moved along smoothly.

“On February 25 we received our third issue of candy from the government since our arrival overseas, the first being at Brechamville, France, and the second at Barricourt, France. We considered this quite a treat and while it was the sugar variety of candy we thought it tasted fine.

“At this time leaves were being granted to the men to go to Coblenz, Germany, for a three-day stay, which included a trip up the Rhine river, and there was also leaves granted to southern France for seven days. Coblenz, Germany, as you probably know, was the headquarters of the American army of occupation. It was a beautiful German city and had many places of interest to visit.

“A little later on passes were granted for a three days’ stay in Paris. I suppose Peggy is dying to hear about Paris. Well, for Peggy’s benefit I will tell you briefly about Paris. Paris is a beautiful city to begin with, but during my stay in Paris I don’t believe I saw a business block that looked modern to me. Their statues, churches, art gallerys, drives and bridges are simply wonderful. The gardens where the queens used to have their tea parties were the most beautiful spots I had ever seen.

“The party that I was with visited the Notre Dame church and to the rear of this church was a pedestal upon which were the flags of the allied nations and our guide told us that this was the first time in the history of France that any flag had been allowed in this church except the French flag. We visited the tomb of Napoleon and then drove down to see that famous painting, ‘Le Patheon De La Guerre.’ This is the most wonderful picture in the world. If my memory serves me rightly it is forty-five feet high and three hundred feet long and features 6,000 of the allied war heroes. The artists have so vividly painted these heroes that anyone familiar with them can immediately recognize the war heroes.

“Each allied nation has its certain space on the picture. The United States is featured with the bust statue of George Washington placed upon a stone monument with the Stars and Stripes draped behind it and around the monument are grouped President Wilson, William Howard Taft, Colonel House, Theodore Roosevelt, the West Point cadet, the cowboy, General Pershing and other prominent characters.

“We visited the shopping district and saw much of the finery that bedecks the gay little French madamoiselle. The French peo-



Co. E on the Rifle Range at Beurig, Germany

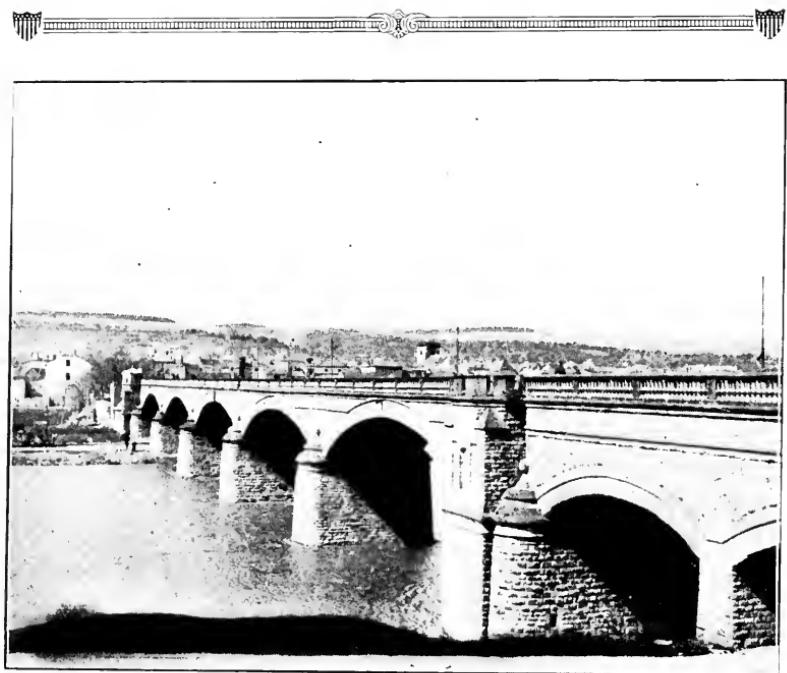
ple, both men and women, are great people to dress. The French girls are very pretty and dainty and they have a knack of 'vamping' the American Sammie. It was surprising the way they had mastered the American language. Most all that I had the pleasure of talking to spoke pretty good English.

"These passes and trips were certainly enjoyed by the men and they were a big help in keeping the men contented and they also furnished a chance to get away from that everlasting drill and weekly practice marches with full packs. As time went on more men were granted leaves, especially to southern France.

"The ever constant subject during our period of occupation was, 'when do we go home,' and any rumor on this subject spread like wild fire through the company. This was somewhat subdued by official news of a sailing schedule announcing June as the month to go home, so we resigned ourselves and hoped this to be true.

"About the middle of March the educational program of the A. E. F. was furnished us and a number of the company were sent to the various divisional schools. Here they could take up such subjects as automobile repairing, telegraphy, liberal arts, agriculture, etc. These schools were to extend for a period of three months, but in the event that the company departed for home these students were to have the privilege of rejoining their outfit and go home with them. The purpose of these schools were to get the boys back in shape to take up their same line of work when they returned to the states.

"The boys were beginning to grow restless from day to day and formations grew tiresome, time began to drag on our hands, however things livened up for a few days as the fourth platoon found some old theatrical costumes up over Herr Youngblood's cafe and a company was formed to stage 'Ten Nights in the Barroom.' The fourth



The Big Stone Bridge Between Gravenmanecker-Luxemburg and Wallen, Germany, Guarded by Co. E.

show was a great success. Some of the more experienced actors stuck it out for eight days and then the whole performance blew up with one big grand celebration and everybody slept the next day. It is probably best at this time to withhold the names of the stars in this drama.

"The next thing of note was an announcement that we were again to shoot on the range. This was somewhat of a sporting event as we were to try to qualify as marksmen and sharpshooters. The weather was very bad and it rained most of the time and conditions were against the boys for running up any high scores, still a good many of the boys won marksmen badges.

"After we had completed shooting on the range we received orders to move out to Wallen, Nittel and Warsuringer to guard two large stone bridges which crossed the Mosel river, the boundary line between Luxemburg and Germany. This was the softest snap that the boys had had since they were in the army. The boys crossed over to Luxemburg at every opportunity as we could buy ham, eggs, pie and cake from the Luxemburgers, this being a neutral country.

"Our post command was established at Nittel, Germany, and here Captain Wright was absolute monarch, supreme court, and everything else as far as the Germans were concerned. Every once in a while a German would try and get real bad and he would be brought up before Captain Wright for trial and before the captain finished with him he made a pretty good citizen out of him.



Captain Wright, Captain Fisher and Lieutenant Millekin
(Bn. Adj.)—Taken at a Field Inspection in Germany

"On April 25 the company received an order that they were expected to be present at the Eighty-ninth Divisional Review, which was to be held on an aviation field just south of Trier, Germany, on April 30. All of the company except those that were necessary to maintain the guard were marched back to Saarburg under the command of Lieutenant Charles K. Bowser, spending the night in Saarburg. The next morning the company fell out with the entire Three Hundred and Fifty-fifth regiment and marched out to the drill field near Saarburg to have a preliminary inspection and to practice passing in review. That afternoon was spent in washing up our equipment and getting ready for the big event, even going so far as to blacken the extra pair of shoes that we carried on our pack. Believe me you had to look like a brand new dime and everything had to shine or there was somebody right there to point out your defects.

"The next morning the Three Hundred and Fifty-fifth infantry was again assembled and marched to Conz, Germany, where they



Hog Call at Nittel, Germany—Taken on Main Street

were billeted for the night. A few minutes before retreat that evening, we received an order to stand retreat with light packs which necessitated us taking our packs all apart. With the boys tired from marching, this didn't make any big hit. Reveille sounded very early the next morning and after we had had our breakfast and again assembled our equipment we were marched to the parade grounds where we took up our position to be inspected before passing in review. Nearly two hours was spent endeavoring to get a suitable position satisfactory to the brigade commander. We stood at attention with full packs most of the time until noon when we finally received the order to unsling equipment and eat our lunch which consisted of two thin slices of bread and a piece of cheese. Here the boys left their units in an attempt to find some of their comrades in other units whom they had not seen or visited with for a long time. At 12:45 we again fell in to await for General Pershing to inspect us. When the general was nearing our ranks the command 'open ranks' and 'about face' was given and we stood at attention while the general gave us the 'once over' as he walked through our ranks with his staff.

"After the general completed the pinning of the crosses of gallantry on some of the men we proceeded to pass in review in front of General Pershing and Secretary Baker, at double time with bayonets fixed. After going about a half mile we were halted and reorganized into platoon fronts, ordered to unsling equipment, and marched back to a large German Zeppelin shed where we listened to addresses from General Pershing and Secretary Baker. During the



Three Luxemburg Girls and Lieutenant McKnight for a Boat Ride on the Mosel River

general's address he praised the gallantry shown by the men of the Eighty-ninth Division, also the wonderful record they had made for themselves during the few months that they were engaged in the fighting.

"About 5 o'clock we again fell in, put on our equipment and started back, about half dead to Conz, where we again occupied billets for the night. The company was called at 4 o'clock the next morning and marched to a little town near Conz, where we boarded the train to return to our duties on guard.

"We remained here just a few days when we were relieved by the Sixth Division and we again moved on into Beurig where we were billeted.

"It was here that we received news officially that we were soon to start for home. Talk about a happy bunch of fellows, happy is no name for it. From this time on until we departed from Beurig the boys were having continual farewell parties, the Hotel Zur Post being the most popular hangout, while Herr Youngblood's cafe did a good business.

"On the morning of May 9, those who had gone to bed were called at 4 o'clock to perform the numerous duties necessary, such as policing up the town and billets before bidding a last farewell to Beurig.

"After a very careful inspection of the billets to see that there was nothing left behind that belonged to Uncle Sam we embussed



A Common Sight on Any German Country Road

for Trier, Germany, at 6 o'clock, arriving at Trier at 8:15 where we immediately entrained. We did not leave here however until 12:52 p. m., which gave the boys ample time to lay in a good supply of canned fruit and candy which they were able to purchase at the commissary located near the train.

"We were now on our way to Brest, France, riding in American boxcars. The accommodations were practically the same as we were used to while traveling in Europe, about forty men to a car with not enough room for all to comfortably lie down.

"During our journey we received strict orders to keep the door which was next to the double track closed entirely, but were allowed to open the other door when the train stopped, however most of the boys cheated a little and had their doors open part way in order that they might view the scenery for the last time. The officers received their physical exercise running back and forth about the full length of the train to see that these doors were kept closed.

"Captain Wright exerted every possible effort to buy cigars, fruit, candy, and anything that he thought would please the boys and help them to enjoy their trip. The company had a pretty good company fund saved up and the captain was of the opinion that the boys deserved some enjoyment and he was going to see that they got it.

"During the daytime the lads killed time the best way they could. There was generally a box placed in the middle of each car with the old national game running at full blast, however some of the boys liked 'African golf' better and you could hear 'seven come eleven.'

“We arrived at Brest, France, May 12 at 1 p. m., where we unloaded all our equipment. We then fell in to have supper. Here we had the quickest meal we had ever had during our entire army experience. The mess hall was built on a large plan which afforded several mess lines to pass in at once. The tables were built about four feet high and every one stood up to eat. As one passed in the door your chow was served to you practically on the run. Efficiency was sure the watchword here. They fed a whole trainload of men in about thirty minutes.

“After chow the company fell in and marched to Camp Pontanazen, arriving there about 7 p. m. It was about four miles up to this camp and it was a tough little hike because it was all up hill, the weather was warm and we were carrying all our equipment.

“When we arrived at this camp we found it to be what appeared to us to be acres and acres of tents and it looked like the whole American forces were camped here. We were all assigned to tents, six men to a tent. The accommodations were favorable, each man having a cot with a mattress on and plenty of blankets were furnished to roll up in. We were fed on practically the same plan that we were at Brest and the chow was pretty fair. There were several army canteens at this camp where we could buy apples, oranges and cookies and we really fared pretty good here.

“The next event was to change our French money back into good old American ‘green backs.’ I’ll never forget how long these bills looked to me, they were so much longer than the paper franc notes that I thought the treasury had gotten out a new bill. This money made the boys homesick as it was such a contrast to the foreign money which resembled cigarette coupons rather than money.

“We remained in this camp for three days and during this time we had a series of inspections resulting in one big final inspection. The preliminary inspections required each soldier to be absolutely free from cooties and in good physical condition. The big final inspection was a scream. After taking considerable instruction in how to roll our packs a new way much different than heretofore, we finally mastered the art. We were then marched about two miles at not less than 130 pace gait until we reached a large building where they held these inspections. Our orders were, to march in, spread out our equipment for inspection, put our gloves on and hold our overcoat over our arm. After the inspecting officer looked us over to be sure that we were not short any shoe strings or dubbin, our orders were to have our packs rolled and be out of the building in five minutes. This was quick work and the perspiration was running off the boys before they finished.

“One evening my attention was drawn to a large crowd gathered in front of the company P. C. and my first thought was that some excitement of some kind or other was going on, but when I reached there I was agreeably surprised to find that Lieutenant Fred L. Morrison, our commander during the St. Mihiel drive, was paying the company a visit. I also noticed that he had a captain’s bar on his shoulder and was wearing the Thirty-third Division insignia.



which division was also camped here and waiting for a ship to take them home. The boys were glad to see him and everyone was pleased to be able to congratulate him upon his promotion. He was glad to see the boys as he had many warm friends in the company and was glad to find that most of them had come out of the Argonne woods alive.

"About noon on May 15 we received orders to fall in with all our equipment, that we were going to march back to Brest and embark for home. Captain Wright made an inspection of the men to see if they had any French girls, dogs or any foreign property, in excess of one hundred dollar value, in their possession, as we were not allowed to take them aboard. The captain and the boys had many a good laugh over this inspection.

"During our march to Brest nobody complained about going too fast and the hike did not seem long, we were going home and everybody was happy.

"We embarked without delay on a small ferryboat and were taken out into deep water where the Leviathan was anchored. When we drew up alongside this ship it looked to us like a skyscraper built on the water. We were all pleased to learn that we were going home on the biggest transport afloat. The Leviathan was formerly the German 'Fatherland.' It measured nine hundred and fifty feet long and 100 feet wide and had a capacity of 58,000 tons.

"The ship hoisted her anchor at 8 o'clock and we were now on our way to America. The ship was loaded with approximately 12,000 officers and men and a crew of about 2,000. A part of the Thirty-third Division and some wounded men were also on this boat with the Eighty-ninth Division men. My company was assigned to the eighth deck. Our sleeping accommodations were little canvas cots, three high, strung on some galvanized piping uprights.

"One of the most remarkable features of efficiency on this boat was the way they fed the men. Each section of the boat fell in and marched at a certain time to a big saloon where they could feed approximately 4,000 men at one time. Everything moved like clock work and all of the men on this ship could be fed and out of the saloon in approximately two hours.

"We were not assigned to any particular duties on this trip and had most of the time to ourselves and we generally went up on deck where we could enjoy ourselves. They issued the boys blue denims to pull on over their uniforms so you could sit up on deck and not spoil your uniform. This trip home was quite a contrast to the one going over. The bands played on the decks in the afternoons and there was always some excitement of some sort or other going on, such as boxing, wrestling or playing catch. During the evenings the ship was all illuminated with electricity, and they had moving pictures in the big dining room for all who cared to watch them. A good many ships passed us both going and coming from America. The boys had a big time watching for whales and seacows which were plentiful. The sea was fairly calm during our entire trip

with the exception of one or two days when the old white caps piled up pretty high and the ship would rock considerably.

"On May 23 we arrived just outside the harbor where we were compelled to remain until the unusually heavy fog lifted as it was dangerous for a boat of this size to enter the harbor during a fog.

"When the fog lifted we could see the Statue of Liberty and believe me that old girl looked good to us as she stood out there welcoming us home. As we pulled up a little closer we were met by a number of ferryboats loaded with the different reception committees from the various states representing the two divisions on board the Leviathan. Each ferryboat had a band playing, banners flying and big placards to identify what state and also what town in the state that they were from. These boats would circle around the Leviathan and the people aboard them would throw oranges and apples at the boys and kept their bands playing continually. You can't appreciate the thrill that came over the boys at being greeted in this manner. Boys who had held back all their lonesome feeling, who had faced all the dangers of battle and never let their nerves get the best of them, gave vent to their feelings here in spite of themselves and one could gaze over the deck and see a tear now and then trickling down the cheeks of their comrades.

"As I stood there watching this reception that little poem kept ringing in my ears:

" 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land.
Who's heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footstep he returned
From wandering o'er a foreign land.'

"Here I was back again in my own grand and glorious country with the best people on earth to welcome us home. As I gazed down the harbor and watched the hustle and bustle of the little tugboats pulling great cargoes I was glad to be back once more in a country where the wheels go around and where men live to achieve something greater than military glory and world dominion.

"We debarked in a short time and were marched over to an American Red Cross station where the ladies served us with coffee and buns. We had quite a bit of fun joking with the American girls. After stocking up well on coffee and buns we marched down to get on the ferryboat to cross over to Long Island.

"On every stairway and in every nook and crook in the road there were Y. M. C. A. men, Jewish welfare workers, Knights of Columbus workers, and all organizations were breaking their necks to hand us gum, candy, cookies and everything to eat. This was such a change that it kind of dazed us, but we accepted everything that was offered to us and went on our way rejoicing.

"After crossing over to Long Island we took the train for Camp Upton reaching the camp about 2 a. m. the next morning.

After marching around the camp a couple of times we were finally assigned to American barracks again.

"Although we had no duties during the day to speak of, they managed to have us fall out at 3 a. m. one morning to be deloused. One had to take all his clothing and blankets over to the delousing plant to have them steamed, the ceremony also called for a hot bath, and those that were fortunate to be small in stature received a second pair of trousers. After our uniforms were thoroughly deloused they were handed back to us and they looked like they had been pressed with a waffle iron. We were free from cooties, but all the shape to our uniforms was gone, and the boys had a new wrinkle in their clothing.

"Governor McKelvie of Nebraska paid the boys a visit at this camp and delivered an address to the boys, a good many of whom knew the governor personally.

"Camp Upton provided the boys with many means of entertainment such as shows, dancing, music and barber shops. The boys would climb up into the barber chairs and of course the barber had been reading their mail and knew that they wanted a haircut, singe, shampoo, tonic and everything else. They sold the soldier everything but the shop and the only reason they didn't add that on the bill was for fear the government might not let them take the shop home with them, excess baggage. We were certainly pestered with the souvenier peddlers who offered for sale many novelties which were purchased without hesitancy by a majority of the boys. The American soldier was ever a target for the profiteer.

"On the strength of a very agreeable order coming down from headquarters that the boys would be permitted to have a 48-hour pass to visit New York City, the boys never doubted the mess hall rumors, lost no time in making preparations to make Broadway proud of them. This of course necessitated making many purchases, such as tan shoes to take the place of hobnails, sox and the necessary articles to complete the toilet. They were all fixed up like dudes and ready to go when we received word that all passes were cancelled. This sure was a disappointment but we were used to them by this time.

"At this camp the company was separated as to states, and the boys were sent to the closest camp to their homes to be discharged.

"On May 27 all the remaining members who were scheduled to be mustered out at Camp Funston were marched to the train under the command of Captain Wright, the only officer, where they were assigned sleepers headed for home. Our rations on this trip consisted of cornbeef and hardtack but thanks to the good ladies of the American Red Cross who furnished us coffee and buns, we fared well. At every stop the train was met by the American Red Cross ladies, who always had something good to eat for the boys. The American Red Cross was a wonderful organization and the courtesy and kindness shown the boys throughout the entire war by these ladies will always be remembered.

"I would like also at this moment to say something about the

Salvation Army workers which I think ranked next to the American Red Cross when it came to helping out the boys and meeting their immediate needs. These brave little girls served us pancakes and doughnuts several times in the shelled areas and braved a good many dangers to be of aid to the American soldiers. I say all hats off to the American Red Cross and the Salvation Army and I think when I make this statement that I voice the sentiment of the entire company. They practiced what they preached, at least that was my experience.

“We were advised previous to our departure from Camp Upton that we were to parade in Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska.

“When we reached Omaha on Decoration Day, although we were a little late in getting in, and it had rained during the morning, all Omaha was out to greet us as we marched up Farnam street and north on Twentieth to the High School grounds. Here a wonderful reception was given the boys and also a spread. As the boys marched up the street at attention all their friends endeavored to break into the ranks and shake hands with the boys.

“After accepting Omaha’s great hospitality and having a nice little visit with everyone, we were marched to the depot and took the train for Lincoln, Nebraska, where we were again greeted by a large crowd who gave us a very nice reception and a lawn supper.

“We entrained here again about 10 o’clock for Camp Funston. When we reached Beatrice, Nebraska, we were again treated to ice cream, cigars and sandwiches. We stopped at nearly all the stations between Lincoln and Camp Funston and a good many of the boys who resided in these towns had a chance to see their folks.

“We finally pulled into Camp Funston about seven the next morning and were assigned to barracks, to await our discharges. The old camp looked the same as when we left it over a year ago, except that all of the boys were taking it easy instead of drilling.

“We had an unusually large number of men to be discharged in our company which necessitated more paper work than most of the companies and this delayed us in getting our discharge papers made out until June 3.

“The morning of June 3 rolled around just the same as any other day and the sun came up in the east despite the fact that this day was to be a memorable one to us all. About 8 o’clock in the morning Captain Wright came over to the barracks and called the boys together and gave them a farewell talk and shook hands with each man individually before lining them up as to rank to march over to get their discharges and the \$60 bonus.

“It may seem funny to you when I say this, but it was really hard for the captain to say good-bye to the company because he was a great pal of the boys besides being their captain.

“The boys marched past the desk and received their discharges, back pay, and \$60 bonus and then hurried to the depot to line up for the last time in the army to secure transportation to ‘Home, Sweet Home.’

“After boarding the train and getting nicely seated it began



to dawn on the boys that the time was close at hand when they must all bid their buddies good-bye and take up their duties in the civilian world once more. It is pretty hard to bid an old comrade good-bye, who had been with you all through the fight, who had went fifty-fifty with you on everything he had even down to the last drop of water and piece of bread, who had cheered you up when the big shells were screaming over your heads and death seemed to stare you in the face, who had probably helped you carry part of your equipment because you might be a weaker man, who had shared his blanket with you when you would lie down to sleep at night drenched to the skin and who had talked with you about the folks at home and planned on the day when we would see them again. These were friends who were worth haying and they were true blue.

"I believe that after having seen what we have seen and after experiencing the things we have experienced, we are returning to our home country better Americans than ever before. I think that the associations we have formed, the friendships we have made in this last turbulent year and a half, will be of a lasting nature and will become of more value to each of us as the years pass. We who have suffered, succeeded, made and lost friends forever in the trial of war, will ever be subject to a common tie that will soon be as strong as life and friendship can make it."

THE END.



ACTION

ONE YEAR OVERSEAS

LUCEY SECTOR
SAINT MIHEL OFFENSIVE
EVERZIN SECTOR
MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE

KILLED IN ACTION OR DIED IN HOSPITAL

First Lieut. Glenn K. Spencer	Private Samuel Mislevic
Corporal John E. Gilmer	Private Augustine Urrea
Corporal Edward J. McCarthy	Private Emil Boudar
Private Arthur Quinlan	Private Edward Sondker
Private Harold B. Marshall	Private First Class Tom Agar
Private Louis H. Mann	Private First Class John Oliver
Private Ira C. Penninger	Private First Class Allen Jones
Private Harold E. Wilson	Private First Class John Cain
Private L. D. Caye	

MISSING

Private Ira McLendon

WOUNDED IN ACTION

First Lieut. Gilbert L. McDonough	Private John F. McCoy
First Lieut. Cass M. Herington	Private James E. Newton
First Lieut. Sam Smith	Private John E. Patton
Sergeant Clinton T. Hoagland	Private Emil L. Petersen
Sergeant Byard A. Dodge	Private Earl H. Petty
Sergeant James Fisher	Private Tony Ritzo
Corporal William Ehrike	Private Nick Salvo
Corporal John Kline	Private Frank Tuma
Corporal Charles Booth	Private Henry Teehee
Private Gust Carlson	Private Sie A. West
Private Richard O. Curtis	Private Mosby Wilkerson
Private Ralph H. Dennis	Private Sam Peltz
Private Arthur Duszynski	Private Nicholas Trook
Private John Elder	Private Simon Levine
Private William Freshe	Private John Reisbeck
Private Claude Key	Private John W. Goodenow
Private William Leeder	Private William A. Scott
Private Richard C. Lyons	Private Austin W. Sellers
Private William H. Marr	Private Lee P. Davis
Private Carl Madsen	

IN CIVIES

(Carl Harterius in the American Legion Weekly)

Where are the girls who used to smile, and the rides I
used to get?
And where is the crowd that was very proud to pass me
a cigarette?
Time was I danced with maidens fair, and captured their
hearts by storm,
But I've lost my pull with the beautiful since quitting the
uniform.

I've sunk my heels into Turkish rugs that only the rich
can own.
At tables fine I've been asked to dine in the heart of the
social zone;
In cushions deep of the limousines I have rested my
manly form.
But I've lost my job with the toney mob since quitting
the uniform.

I've been a king on a ballroom floor, an ace in the social
swirl.
I could show my face in any old place and never a lip
would curl;
I could walk right up to a rich man's door and be sure of
a welcome warm,
But I've changed a lot and they know me not, since
quitting the uniform.

Now I walk down town and the autos pass, and nobody
says get in.
And the girls are shy when I'm standing by, and give me
the tilted chin;
And nobody knows and nobody cares whether I eat or
how,
I must buy my chuck, for I'm out of luck—I'm wearing
my civies now.

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FEB 72

N. MANCHESTER,
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